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New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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EARL WARREN
Profile with Vicky drawing

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DICKENS AT WORK
C. P. Snow

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CHELTENHAM FESTIVAL
Desmond Shawe-Taylor

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Noman's Land

Is the British government right to go to the assistance of the Sultan of Muscat? Under our Treaty of Friendship, renewed as recently as 1951, he is entitled to call on our military support in the event of invasion. He could easily justify the claim that the Imam of Oman is now receiving both money and arms from Saudi Arabia and that the uprising constitutes an external threat to his territories. There are many precedents for the granting of British assistance, both in Muscat and elsewhere in the Persian Gulf. If we fail to come to his aid now, the Sultan can legitimately claim that this marks a reversal of previous British policy. And other rulers on the Persian Gulf, notably the Sheikhs of Qatar and Kuweit, may decide in consequence to modify their attitude to us. Both rule major oil-producing states, exploited by companies in which Britain has large financial interests. Both belong to the Sterling Area because British protection is, in the last resort, the only guarantee of their thrones, their incomes and their territories. Their ties with us are based not on friendship, but on self-interest. If they find that Britain is no longer prepared to provide the support on which they feel they have a right to count, they may come to terms with King Saud. The consequences for the Sterling Area could be disastrous.

Nor can it be argued that, in supporting the Sultan, we are supporting the most reactionary forces. The Sultan disposes of absolute powers, but under British guidance some efforts have been made to improve the lot of his subjects. If oil is found in his territories, some proportion of the royalties will be used for their benefit. The Imam, by contrast, stands for a backward-looking theocracy, and his master, King Saud, controls a feudal tyranny by comparison with which the protectorates are enlightened welfare states. There is no doubt that, if the interests of the Omanis were the only consideration, we should be justified in acting.

Unfortunately, there are other factors to be considered. Since the liquidation of the Suez adventure, Britain has wisely been pursuing a policy of inactivity in the Middle East. The responsibilities we hitherto assumed have been passed on to America, and in consequence nationalist feeling, as recent broadcasts from Cairo testify, is now directed against Washington; indeed, there are signs that the more progressive elements in the Arab world are seeking a rapprochement with Britain. This welcome trend—which could prepare the way for a new and durable British policy—will certainly be jeopardised by our intervention in Oman. The Imam, who maintains a propaganda bureau in Cairo, undoubtedly commands the emotional support of all Arab nationalists, and military action to dislodge him will inevitably be represented as a reversion to the flagrant imperialism of last November. Even if air strikes succeed in disposing of the revolt rapidly, the incident will have unfavourable repercussions throughout the Middle East. But it is by no means certain that air action will be sufficient. Nationalism is gaining ground even in this remote area; we have no means of controlling Saudi support for the insurgents; and the initial defeat of the Sultan's forces indicate that popular support for the Imam is more widespread than it was during the earlier campaign in 1955. There is a real danger that a guerilla war will develop, in which Britain will become indefinitely and increasingly involved.

In weighing these rival considerations, therefore, we should be careful not to treat the revolt as an isolated issue. Those Labour members who condemn the government's decision out of hand should remember that it follows logically from policies pursued for many years, throughout the Gulf area, by successive British governments. Their criticism should centre not on the way Mr Selwyn Lloyd has implemented the policy, but on the policy itself. The protectorate system was established in the days of the Indian Empire to ensure our land and sea communications. Despite the granting of Indian independence, the striking of oil and the steady growth of Arab nationalism, the system has not been modified in any important respect. It is now an obsolete liability; and the Labour Party's best course is not to dissipate its energies in sterile controversies on the use of force, but to employ the incident as an opportunity to reconsider and reformulate our entire policy in this vital area.

Comments on the Week's News

The Axe

Mr Hare's long awaited list of regimental amalgamations, which follows the government's decision to reduce the size of the army by over 300,000 men over a five-year period, has inevitably caused an angry flutter of complaint and special pleading in places where professional soldiers gather together. But the government has, in fact, leaned over backwards to do as little damage as possible to an organisational structure which, despite being hopelessly unsuited to the administrative needs of modern war, has none the less, in the past, contributed a good deal to the army's morale. Whether the territorial basis of the county regiments, or the social exclusiveness of such special groups as the Brigade of Guards and the Greenjackets, any longer serve a necessary purpose, even in terms of morale, as the infantry soldier becomes more and more technically skilled and craft-minded, may be doubted. After all, the Royal Engineers, the Royal Artillery and, latterly, the Royal Armoured Corps have all built a high morale without saddling themselves with the disadvantages of excessive territorial nostalgia or social snobbery. On the whole it is disappointing, from the point of view of efficiency, that Mr Sandys has not bullied the military sticklebacks into agreeing to a higher degree of administrative unification between units and even, in certain cases, between services: the case for a single medical service for all the armed forces is, for instance, very strong. Meanwhile the terms of compensation are not ungenerous and the machinery of resettlement seems well-devised. None of the 'relief' measures, however, can disguise the gloomy fact that very large numbers of servicemen, who were induced by the government to take on regular engagements in the inflated forces of the past ten years, are now going to be flung on to the labour market with – especially in the case of officers – very few qualifications for earning a civil livelihood. No amount of resettlement machinery will induce employers to go very far in engaging staff on other than practical commercial considerations; and there are going to be some hard cases.

A Munich in Haifa

The decision of British Petroleum and Shell to cease their operations in Israel is a deliberate and indefensible act of appeasement. Whether it was in response to new threats from Arab governments, or a voluntary attempt to curry favour with Arab opinion—and so help to erase the memory of Suez—is still unknown. But what is certain is that the explanation advanced by the two companies—that their operations in Israel were no longer commercially profitable—does not hold water. As figures in the possession of the Israeli government show, both companies were making a substantial profit; and, if some losses were incurred in working the Haifa refinery (controlled jointly by BP and Shell) this was entirely due to their decision, taken for purely political reasons, to operate it at only 30 per cent. of capacity. Nor can it be contended that the British government were not consulted. The government has a controlling interest (51 per cent.) in BP, and no major policy decision can be taken without its consent; indeed, when the Abadan dispute was referred to The Hague Court, Britain contended that, where relations with foreign powers were concerned, BP and the British government were legally identical. In short, the government has connived at a decision which will provide the Arab boycott with its greatest victory since its inception. The whole of Anglo-Israeli trade relations are now in jeopardy. BEA, ICI, Barclays and many other big firms, which have hitherto stood up to the boycott, might now be forced to surrender and leave Israel also. Indeed, in practical economic terms, this issue is vastly more important to Israel than the right to use the Suez Canal. Now that the military situation has been established, the boycott represents the Arabs' one hope of destroying Israel; and the breaking of the boycott is the West's best chance of getting the Arabs to agree to a final settlement. Both the Labour Party and those Tory MPs who have so vociferously denounced appeasement in the Middle East should force the government to reverse this decision, which constitutes Nasser's first great diplomatic triumph since the Anglo-French withdrawal.

A Sleeping Dog Stirs

When the Central African Federation was being debated in 1953, great stress was laid on the African Affairs Board as a safeguard for Africans. The Board, which is a committee of the Federal Assembly, is intended to block any bill which discriminates against African interests, by reporting it for reconsideration by the Secretary of State. If, for instance, a move were made to change the constitution in order to restrict the African franchise, the Board – as Mr Hopkinson said flatly when the point was raised by Mr Jim Griffiths in 1953 – can stop such action. Mr Griffiths had asked his question because some such restriction had been predicted by Mr Greenfield, then the Minister for Internal Affairs in Southern Rhodesia – and now the federal Minister of Law. In recent weeks, Mr Greenfield has been presenting bills designed to enlarge and amend the Federal Assembly and establish the federal franchise. The former provides that if an African is elected on the ordinary roll franchise the seats reserved especially for African representation are to be reduced accordingly. Yet Mr Greenfield was able to announce in the Assembly that the African Affairs Board had reviewed this measure and found no objection to it. But with the Franchise Bill the government have apparently disturbed the sleeping dog, and the Board has displayed some uneasiness about the proposal that, in electing the members for the seats reserved for Africans, the ordinary voters, predominantly Europeans, will vote alongside the special roll African voters, whom they will far outnumber. This, it appears, is too much, and having failed to get assurances from the federal government, the Board is contemplating referring the bill to the Secretary of State. But Mr Lennox-Boyd has already discussed the franchise proposals with Sir Roy Welensky and, since they are now before the Assembly, must have given them his general blessing. Where, then, is the safeguard?

Curbing the Bureaucrats

The Franks committee has blown only a muted blast against the administrative Jericho – two chords for democracy. Its positive recommendations are excellent; in some respects they go further than the Labour Party did in *Personal Freedom*. The differences are not sensational, but it is worth noticing that where the Labour Party suggested that the chairman of a tribunal should not be appointed by the minister whose department is being judged by that tribunal, the Franks committee wishes to see still more independence. It recommends that all members of administrative tribunals should be appointed by an independent outside body—a permanent standing council on tribunals. Not that the committee believes that government departments in fact put pressure on tribunal members. The importance of the standing council will be symbolic. Appointed by, and responsible to, the Lord Chancellor rather than the Prime Minister (as the Permanent Secretary to the Treasury suggested), it would emphasise that tribunals should not be regarded as just another part of the administrative machine. Lord Silkin's argument that inspectors making planning inquiries should still be appointed as they are at present does not affect the general principle: planning tribunals exist to give advice on policy, not to make a judicial review. Tribunal proceedings should be public; the citizen should know in good time the case he must answer; legal aid should be given to those who appear before expensive tribunals; members of tribunals should be paid enough to attract the right people. In general, the committee's recommendations will lessen the suspicion that where administration and individual clash, the administration is an arbitrary judge in its own cause. The obvious fault is one of omission, not commission. The committee's slogan—'openness, fairness and impartiality'—is all very well. But what happens when the law has provided no procedure for appeal against administrative decisions? It is unfortunate that the committee was prevented by its terms of reference from even considering this problem.

Outlook for Steel

The Iron and Steel Board set up by the Tories under the Act of 1953 to keep an eye on the denationalised steel industry is supposed to act as an impartial guardian of the public interest in relation to the industry. But, as it has no power to operate any part of iron and steel manufacture, it has no power to decide what development shall actually take place: it can only advise the private steel-makers and do its best to induce them to adopt the policies it recommends. In its new Development Report the Board looks forward to a total productive capacity of 29 million ingot tons by 1962 – 24 or more for the home market and five or more for export. Of this, about 28 million tons are covered by projects already approved by the Board: the balance is still under negotiation. In order to reach the Board's target, the industry will need to spend about £600m. on investment between 1957 and 1961 – that is, about £130m. a year, mostly derived from its own reserve profits. This is a much higher rate of investment than has prevailed in recent years; in 1956 investment was only about £75m. In one important case – that of sheet steel and tinplate – the Board is urging a more rapid development than the industry has been so far prepared to endorse. The difference arises largely over conflicting estimates of demand, especially from the motor car industry. The steel firms in the past have regularly under-

estimated the increasing demand for steel; and in this case they appear to be repeating their old error. It remains to be seen whether they will give way, now that the Board has expressed an unequivocal opinion in favour of the higher rate of expansion – which means also more rapid disuse of obsolescent plant. Steel-making is an industry in which modern techniques require very large-scale production at exceptionally high investment costs; but, thanks to the Tories, the Iron and Steel Board has no power to insist on developments which it believes to be called for in the national interest.

Concrete Canyons

The campaign to save the St. James's Theatre deserves whole-hearted support – and with £500 from Sir Winston Churchill to set the ball rolling it looks like getting it. But however objectionable in itself, the proposed demolition may serve as a useful tracer bullet, drawing public attention to wider questions – the provision of theatres in the largest city in the world, and the still wider issue of the general development of London. For its size, London has far too few theatres; and it is scandalous that their number should be reduced. But the most serious problem facing Londoners is the gradual evolution of central London into a series of concrete canyons, teeming with office workers by day, uninhabited by night. This has already been allowed to happen to the City; and if nothing is done to stop it, it will happen to the West End as well. In the whole central area the number of residents has been falling by 2,000 a year, while employment has been increasing by 20,000. The report of the town planning committee of the LCC, adopted by the Council last Tuesday, is a belated awakening by the only authority that can stop the present drift. For the trouble in the past has been, not that planners wanted the drift to continue, but that their methods of stopping it were ineffectual. Since 1948, LCC planning policy set limits on the size of non-residential buildings. But in practice office developers built to the maximum limit, and there was scarcely any residential building. The new plan will still further reduce the maximum limits of office building in central London; and will encourage residential building in the areas where office building is to be restrained (most of the West End and parts of the City). At the same time, the plan will encourage developments like multi-storey garages which would reduce congestion, and will differentiate between offices which have to be in the centre and those which do not. There is one disappointing ambiguity, however. The plan will 'encourage' residential building in areas where offices are not to be built. Is the LCC, or the government, prepared to compel office builders to run up an equivalent residential area? Or will they merely ask politely? Failure in the past arose just because there was no coercive bite in the development plan, and the new scheme would be futile if the same mistake were made again.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

The Senate and the South

Part One of the great Senate debate is over. On the face of things, at least, its most noteworthy aspect is that there is to be a Part Two. The first stage in these periodic efforts to give American Negroes a larger helping of the Constitution always revolves around a simple motion to let the Senate debate a measure looking toward that end. Since Reconstruction days no serious bill of the sort has ever come near to a vote, because the preliminary motion has always been buried under an avalanche of obstructive oratory, which under the Senate's quaint rules may continue up to, through, and beyond the Millennium unless an improbable number of Senators is improbably moved to choke it off.

The unprecedented twist in this year's show is that while the Southerners talked, as usual, of 'bitterness and bloodshed,' while they denounced this 'devil's broth' of a bill to force the 'commingling of races' and placed the brand of Thaddeus Stevens upon the brow of Chief Justice Warren, they abandoned at the outset their classic gambit of the filibuster. Having allowed a civil rights measure actually to come to the floor, they hope, in return for such sweet reasonableness, to win a compromise on it that will leave wholly intact what is known as the southern way of life. If not, they can still revert, at any point along the way, to the filibuster, or what Senator Russell of Georgia prefers to call 'a lengthy educational campaign.' In one uplifting project of this sort, it may be recalled, the late Huey Long reeled off recipes for cornpone and potikker, and in another a colleague was about to read huge gobs from *Childe Harold* when the opposition surrendered.

To the uninitiate, the Southerners may seem to have the best of the situation at the moment, but whether or not they manage once more to outmanœuvre their foes, they are clearly fighting a rearguard action. Historic patterns are breaking up, and much that is happening on the civil rights front is a political product of changes that have already taken place.

Negroes have been migrating northward at such a rate since the war that they are now a major political factor, if not the balance of power, in cities like New York, Philadelphia, Detroit, Chicago, and Los Angeles. By making serious inroads into this normally Democratic Negro vote, the Republicans hope, even without an Eisenhower, to tighten their precarious hold on states with the largest electoral blocs in the country. At a recent party caucus of Republican Congressmen, Representative Joe Martin, the minority leader in the House, pulled out of his pocket an analysis of last November's elections, showing in particular the contribution of the coloured vote to the party's triumph. The point was not lost on his associates.

At the same time, the Republicans are working on 'Operation Dixie,' a drive to win congressional seats in Southern and Border states. But, as Meade Alcorn, the party chairman, explained to President Eisenhower, 'Stone Age' laws still make it impossible to run Republican candidates in all districts.

The combination of the Republican Party's bid for the coloured vote and its systematic poaching on traditionally Democratic preserves in Dixie has all but shattered the coalition of Southern Bourbons and Tory Republicans which so complicated the presidential lives of Roosevelt and Truman. To hear Senators Russell and Eastland talk, the black days of Reconstruction are here again and Attorney-General Brownell, a far smoother and more suitable villain for the piece than Eisenhower could ever be, is out to destroy the South by promoting miscegenation.

In the shifting circumstances it is not surprising that men with presidential ambition – that always takes in a good part of the Senate – are playing a cagey game. Senators like Russell and Eastland are beyond such hopes and can accordingly afford to go on acting like reincarnations of John C. Calhoun, but men of the New South are fighting hard to shed the sectional albatross. It is worth noting that all four senators from Texas and Tennessee actually voted to bring the current civil rights bill to the floor. One of them, Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson, makes it plain that, while he opposes the bill as it stands, he is 'ready to allow it to be debated' because he trusts 'the results of reasoned debate of reasonable men.' It is no secret that Johnson, who is busy behind the scenes promoting a compromise, sees himself as the ideal middle-of-the-road Democrat, the moderate *par excellence* in a period of moderation, and a presidential nominee who could unite his party.

With the coloured vote exerting such a pull even now, there is lively speculation as to what will happen when the Constitution finally reaches Mississippi.

ROBERT BENDINER

Peking

Weeds in China

A Student of the Chinese press writes: The National People's Congress has proclaimed that all flowers in Mao's garden which are not Communist flowers are deadly bindweed; and, like bindweed, must be dragged out from the plants and the bed made clean again. The 'weeds' were mainly to be found in the Chinese Democratic League, the chief non-Communist party in the so-called coalition. Like the Social Democrats in eastern Europe, they helped the Communist Party into power, and they have among their members some of China's finest intellectuals, who have given loyal service to the Chinese People's Republic. But Chinese are more mature and more subtle than east Europeans. When the Democratic League's vice-chairman, Lo Lung-chi (also Minister of Timber Industry) and Chang Po-chun (also Minister of Communications), and the editor of their paper, Chu An-ping, challenged the dictatorship of the Communist Party (but not the Mao thesis of peaceful co-existence) they were *not* put into a solitary cell and tortured to confess their sins. Their sins were confessed, in person or by proclamation, to 1,500 delegates in the National People's Congress. The Chinese method has the advantage over the Russian that the democrats live to fight another day, or maybe to find some Chinese middle way.

Like a respectable matron confessing that she has lovers to a Moral Rearmament meeting, Chu An-ping last week told the N.P.C. that, in agreement with Lo Lung-chi and Chang Po-chun, he had criticised the dictatorial methods of the Communist Party in the *Kwangming Daily*. 'I surrender to the people,' he said. 'Help me to remould my ideology and change my attitude completely.' The *Wen Hui Pao*, editorially criticising Chu An-ping, wrote: 'In ingenuity he is above all others in this respect. His vicious tactics can be seen from the heading of his speech "Some Proposals to Chairman Mao and Premier Chou" '. The Peking *Jen Min Jih Pao* gave a long report of a meeting at which jurists criticised the 'erroneous views of Chu An-ping' and his colleagues. Professor Kung Hsiang-jui, of the Department of

Law at Peking University, said that their error lay in mixing up the boundaries between the European and American type of multi-party system and the multi-party system of the Chinese people's democracy. 'In the European and American type of multi-party system, political parties are organised and engaged in political struggle so that their leaders may occupy high government positions if they win. . . . Chu An-ping mixes up the function of the Chinese Communist Party and the democratic parties in top state organs with that of the political parties in capitalist countries.'

Chu An-ping is no longer an editor, and Lo Lung-chi and Chang Po-chung have been dismissed from their ministries. There must be many perfectly loyal Chinese who are now asking themselves whether the 'blossoming' period is over, whether its purpose was to prove what a healthy growth the Communist Party is and what harmful weeds have bloomed in the soil of the Chinese Democratic League.

Westminster

The Jealousy Barrier

There are various ways of getting on in politics. The way chosen by Mr J. S. Maclay, at present Secretary of State for Scotland, has been to assert, with almost hysterical vigour, his belief in the rightness of whatever the Conservative Party happened to be advocating at the moment. This has made him a convenience to successive Conservative Prime Ministers. Was some policy necessary but rather rough? Maclay could be relied on to propose or defend it with passion and, as he was a National Liberal and Conservative – a title which has sometimes seemed to mean that he was too illiberal even to be a proper Conservative – the official party would not be hopelessly committed if the policy bounced back. This week there were some signs that Maclay might become an embarrassment to his patrons.

Mr. Tom Fraser has alleged that one of the junior Scottish ministers had personally protested to the directors of a local paper because the editor had written some anti-government leaders, and that as a result the editor had been sacked. Most members, I think, were shocked by this allegation and wanted to know if it was true. But Maclay shrugged it off by saying that it was none of his business: the junior minister had been acting merely in his capacity as an MP. Mr Gaitskell at once said that such action by a minister, if proved, reflected on the whole government. Mr Macmillan seemed to agree with this, since he promised to investigate and report to the House. But the House was not wholly mollified even by the Prime Minister's correct decision. It had long ago got used to hearing Maclay defend the indefensible. It had assumed that he was doing this for tactical reasons. Now it began to wonder whether the man was capable of recognising the indefensible even when he saw it.

Another member, Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn, for wholly different reasons, has this week come near to losing the House's tolerance. Any young member who becomes especially active in the House soon comes up against the jealousy barrier. That fellow is too assertive, or too publicity-conscious, or too big for his boots, say the older members. They wait ominously for some monumental clanger. Mr James Callaghan managed to pierce the barrier by going at it head on. He bounced off once or twice, but, with a direct, undisguised ambition which the House at length began to find engaging, he persisted and now with general approval he has, not just an eye on the front bench but his seat there as well. Others try more subtle tactics. They spend much time in tea room and smoking room, always talking slightly louder than is really necessary, always supporting, in a studiously reasonable manner, whatever happens to be major party policy, but always disagreeing, in an equally reasonable manner, with some aspect of minor policy.

This line gets them at one go a reputation for loyalty, independence and, of course, reasonableness – and it may well get them on the front bench. Wedgwood Benn has tried neither of these lines. Though clearly ambitious, he has taken up a number of causes because he has genuinely believed them to be good, and apparently regardless of whether they would do him good or not. But this has brought its own difficulties. For older members, resigned to playing 'bit' parts, now see a halo of sanctimoniousness round his head and would be quite pleased to break both the halo and the head. So when he tried to move the adjournment of the House to secure a discussion of Britain's intervention in Oman, many of his own colleagues seemed noticeably cool. They had begun by showing little interest in Oman. Indeed, it had been left to Mr Jo Grimond to raise the question at all. But as question and answer proceeded – inevitably, since Mr Selwyn Lloyd was giving the answers – alarm began to spread through the Labour members until they seemed prepared to make a row. But when Wedgwood Benn was seen to put himself at the head of the row, I could feel political alarm giving way to personal annoyance. When, subsequently, he announced that he was putting down a motion of censure on the Speaker, Labour's silent frigidity would have congealed anyone less conscious of rectitude. It's all rather unfair – but very human.

The House's reaction to Mr Nabarro has also been most human. In appearance, Nabarro epitomises that combined service which the Prime Minister told us on Tuesday we are not going to have. He has the chest and voice of a sergeant-major, the moustaches of a flight lieutenant and the gait of an admiral. At first the House loathed him because it suspected that these carefully cultivated physical attributes were signs of bogusness. No one today, except an official of an area coal board, believes that he is bogus. He attacks what he thinks is wrong, whether those who are responsible are opponents or friends and when, in return, he is attacked – scurrilously and most improperly, in my opinion – as he has been this week, he himself makes no complaint. Nabarro has gone right through the jealousy barrier of his own party and should now be safe on the other side.

One other reflection on this week's happenings in Westminster. Labour's attack on the government's attitude to disarmament seemed to misfire because, oddly enough, of the special virtues of Labour's two principal spokesmen. Mr. Philip Noel Baker is admired for his detailed knowledge of the history of disarmament negotiations since the time when the League of Nations first became a gleam in the eye of President Wilson. Mr Aneurin Bevan is admired for, among other things, his ability to rise above detail and philosophise excitingly. But after Wednesday's debate I began to wish that Noel Baker would take a day or two's rest from his books and that, on the other hand, Bevan would get down to a little homework. The five-bob ideas which he pushes into my half-crown head could usefully be buttressed with a few penny-plain facts.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

'When I went there I was received by the City magnates with frigid and flapping silence, as if they were a row of penguins in the Arctic Ocean'

—Lloyd George, 12 February 1931

John Willson Vickers

WHAT is most important about the case of John Willson Vickers is not the question whether he should have been executed, though – on the facts of his case and on the law as it now stands – many reputable lawyers believe that he should not. The importance of the case lies in the lessons to be learned from it, and the necessity that parliament should turn them swiftly to account.

First, the behaviour of Sir Reginald Manningham-Buller, the Attorney-General, in blocking Vickers's appeal to the House of Lords, has been unconscionable. The facts of the case were hardly in dispute, but it is known that one of the judges at the first sitting of the Court of Criminal Appeal was doubtful about the effect of the new Act, in its application to this case, upon the old doctrine of 'constructive malice'. The terms of section 1(6) of the Criminal Appeal Act, 1907, are plain enough:

> If in any case the director of public prosecutions, or the prosecutor, or defendant, obtains the certificate of the Attorney-General that the decision of the Court of Criminal Appeal involves a point of law of exceptional public importance, and that it is desirable in the public interest that a further appeal should be brought, he may appeal from that decision to the House of Lords . . .

In the Vickers case, the appeal decision clearly involved a point of law; and it is difficult to imagine by what process of reasoning, in view of the death penalty's history since the war, the Attorney-General arrived at the conclusion that it was not one of 'exceptional public importance'. Nobody can expect public opinion to be either satisfied with such a decision or quiescent when it sees a servant of the state step in to stop such an appeal: the law, in fact, is brought into disrepute by a process which, in its context, cannot escape the appearance of political gerrymandering. Nor can Mr Butler be held blameless. For among the grounds of reprieve that he could have found in the precedents (these are now public property: they were described to the Gowers Commission by Home Office witnesses) is the occurrence in cases of unpremeditated murder of some 'sudden access of frenzy'. Even if the decision of the court – grievous bodily harm in pursuit of theft – made it impossible to treat this case as an unpremeditated murder for the purpose of the Royal Prerogative, the Home Secretary is not rigidly bound by precedent; and the central fact remains unchallenged: Vickers did not intend to kill.

The second lesson to be learnt from the case is that the Attorney-General must not any longer be allowed this life-and-death responsibility, which is peculiar to criminal appeals and confined to this country. A convicted or aggrieved citizen of the colonies who wants to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council does not have to ask any Law Officer of the Crown for permission: he seeks permission direct from the Judicial Committee. An appellant in a civil case in this country does not have to ask the Attorney-General whether he may go to the House of Lords: he asks the House of Lords. Such comparisons are ample in themselves to expose the injustice in the present state of the law, which is clearly a legacy from the reactionary and obstructive atmosphere in which the Criminal Appeal Act was with difficulty brought to birth 50 years ago. Contrary to a chorus of Jeremiahs in both Houses, the Act and its subsidiary rules have worked well, the Court has established a pattern of procedure, and really frivolous appeals have been infrequent. It would be in accordance with natural justice and the public temper, moreover, that no appeal in a murder case should be regarded on any ground as frivolous.

The third exposure effected by the Vickers case is the real absurdity of this so-called compromise, the Homicide Act, 1957, which has established the death penalty as a capricious and ghastly hazard bearing no kind of relation to the nature of the crime it punishes. By comparison with John Willson Vickers, hanged because he killed a woman householder unintentionally when he hit her with his fists, the public-house bully who bashes a man to death with a broken bottle is not guilty of capital murder; neither is the poisoner who slowly and stealthily kills in order to benefit under his victim's will.

The law cannot be left here. A change of government will no doubt doom the Homicide Act in due course, but the monstrous anomaly of the Attorney-General's unchallengeable *fiat* must not be allowed even that much extra life.

The Busmen and the Pound

THE press has naturally seized on the two aspects of the bus strike which make the best copy. Broken windows, flat tyres and surging picket lines make news: so do the problems of holidaymakers and workers who have to find devious means of getting about. But those who reasonably denounce the disorder and the inconvenience of this strike do not dismiss them as an unpleasant rider to a genuine dispute. They tend to build up these deplorable incidents as an argument against any strike which interferes with our normal lives.

It is true that all this may make it difficult for Mr Cousins and his men to win even the degree of public support which was accorded to the engineering and shipbuilding strikes. That is a matter of public relations which does not affect either the purpose or the merit of the busmen's case. The fact that the drivers and conductors feel so strongly that they risk a bad press by taking a tough line – indeed by striking at all when the British public wants to get either to work or to the seaside – suggests that more is at stake here than the leader-writers of Fleet Street are willing to concede. Nothing is more foolish than the idea that Mr Cousins has thrown one of his 'Guards divisions' into the firing line in order to establish his own reputation for militancy. No general can command the loyalty of an army he declines to lead.

The point at issue is fairly straightforward. About 100,000 drivers and conductors have claimed a wage increase of a pound a week. At present their basic wage is £8 3s. for a driver and £7 19s. for a conductor, which is about £1 10s. below the London rate. They argue that this differential is too great (it is about three times as great as it is in other comparable trades) and that the employers' counter-offer of three shillings a week does not even meet the increase in living costs since the last claim. This counter-offer, moreover, was made more as an ultimatum than as a bargaining proposal: some employers proposed to pay it whether the men agreed or not – even to discharge men who would not accept it.

The unions are now told that they should allow the Industrial Disputes Tribunal to settle the case—and, since the employers were willing to follow this course, Mr Macleod has washed his hands of the whole affair. But the unions wanted a court of inquiry, before which they could argue a much wider case than is admissible in an arbitration court. If the Minister had really wished to get the strike suspended, and possibly called off, he could have granted this request, rather than making a fairly long-term strike inevitable by passing the dispute to a tribunal which the unions declared all along they would boycott. This decision suggests that it is not Mr Cousins who has declared war on the government, but the government which has seen a chance to isolate and harass some of Mr Cousins's big battalions.

Wage claims have been made inevitable, and inflation has been promoted by the actions of successive Tory Chancellors. And because the government is unwilling to change its financial policies, it has decided to throw the blame for their consequences upon the legitimate attempt of trade unions to protect the interests of their members. That is what has inspired the sermons and the double-talk of the last few weeks, in which one minister assures the country that all is well; on the next day another insists that there is no crisis; a third argues that nothing can prevent a new and unnecessary round of inflation promoted by the unions.

Who in fact is undermining the pound? Mr Cousins or Mr Thorneycroft? Tax concessions in recent budgets released purchasing power: the credit squeeze was supposed to plug the gap; but, despite the squeeze, the banks have quietly resumed their profitable business in overdrafts. Production and investment were supposed to expand, so that there would be goods for money to chase. But production has stagnated and investment is being cut back deliberately. Because it jettisoned controls, because it believed that mere monetary policy would suffice to control the economy, the government has run into a dilemma it cannot resolve. If it wants to stop wages and prices rising, it must damp down production—but it cannot afford to tamper with full employment. So if it wants to keep production and investment on the increase without physical controls, it must let the inflation go on – but that will lead to a rentier revolt, and before very long unleashed home demand will be felt in soaring imports and a falling dollar balance.

There is no way of ensuring price stability, full employment, 'freedom-for-all' and a healthy balance of payments. Something has to go. And since the Tories do not dare directly to attack full employment, they look for other means to limit the bargaining power of the unions. That is the ultimate thought behind the 'super-court' for wages: all would be well if only the unions would stop bargaining collectively and effectively and let Mr Thorneycroft's 'impartial' experts cut up the cake for them!

It would be easier, but not easy, to get some stability between wages and prices, and to direct resources into productive investment, if there were a change of government. But that has to wait until the next election. Meanwhile, the government must find some plausible explanation for its failure to stop inflation and its unwillingness to carry through a real deflation. What better villains than trade unionists and what better ringleader than Mr Cousins? Despite their smooth words and pleasant manners, Mr Thorneycroft, Mr Macleod and Mr Macmillan are succumbing to the stupid temper and the irresponsible policies which produced the last national busmen's strike: that was in 1926.

London Diary

THE BBC is understandably hesitant about revealing details of its autumn programmes, but it is possible to make a guess at what is coming. The Light is to be unrestrainedly light. Music on the Home Service will be cautiously whittled down, talks slashed a good deal more. The Third Programme will start at 8 o'clock in the evening and its items will now join the breathless fight against time. In short, the BBC is going into competition with Radio Luxembourg. This is fine news for everyone except my academic colleagues who get paid for giving talks (with repeats) that no one listens to. For years the BBC has excused its deplorable existence by claiming that it provided programmes which would not be given on a commercial circuit. This claim is on the way out, and the BBC with it. From now on, whatever the BBC tries to do, commercial radio can do better. Radio, like TV, becomes an entertainment. The taste of the majority will decide. As a good democrat, I applaud this policy. But why should listeners pay a licence fee for programmes which they can get elsewhere for nothing? I am beginning to think that I shall see the end of the BBC before I die. This will be the biggest knock at THE THING since the Abdication.

* * *

Inflation is with us again. This promises good weather for the summer holidays. 1947, 1949, 1953, 1955 – all radiant in sun, every one a crisis of the pound. The usual question pops up. Is this a serious question which our statesmen make out is trivial? Or is it a trivial affair which our statesmen are trying to turn into something serious? I have no means of knowing. What I do know is that the economists, as usual, have let us down. They are the most useless of experts. We have had this business of inflation with us since 1945. But no economist has produced a simple, convincing answer. Why can't they produce a simple explanation of inflation and then state its cure? It surely can't be that they don't know the answer. I am afraid that there is, in fact, no impartial economist. Mr Macmillan, who for some reason is now Prime Minister, recently announced: 'we never had it so good'. But for academics who live on fixed salaries he is wrong. We never had it so good as in 1933. How well I remember it, the Utopia to which I should eagerly return if I judged my own interests – everything very cheap and unlimited domestic labour. We might get more sense out of the economists if we offered them a bonus every time the cost of living went up. As it is, their refrain, if I understand it, is merely: everyone should work harder for less wages. And yet there must be an answer. I was recently reading a history of the New Deal. Economists, business men, politicians, all took the stand during the Depression and said: 'There is nothing to be done. . . . I have no solution. . . . This is a natural catastrophe'. Suddenly it all turned out to be nonsense. F.D.R. took over – without having himself the slightest idea what to do; and Depression vanished for good and all. Here is a chance for somebody. I don't mind inflation; but I draw the line at talk about crisis every time there is a good summer.

* * *

An epoch ends in Oxford next week; and not only in Oxford, rather in the history of this country. G. D. H. Cole reaches retiring age as professor and goes into glorious retreat as a Research Fellow of Nuffield and an Honorary Fellow of his original college, Balliol. We have had two great Socialist academics – Cole and Laski. I have known both, admired them both; and feel guilty now that I am not as they were. In some ways, Laski had the easier task, despite its hardships. The London School of Economics was new, brash, assertive. Laski found its atmosphere congenial, even though the Director forbade him to write for the *Daily Herald*. Cole had to contend with the heavy enduring traditions of Oxford. He carried the day merely by ignoring them. He treated Oxford simply as an academic institution for the promotion of learning, instead of (as it is) a social mechanism for the corruption of the young. When presiding at dinner in All Souls, he walked in, stood at the head of the table, and sat down sternly without mumbling the theological formulas which other unbelievers still swallow. I don't believe that Douglas Cole has ever given a single bow of acknowledgement to the Establishment in all his life. If Oxford has done any good in the world in the last 30 years, it is thanks to Cole. More than any man I have ever known he has kept his Radical faith and his Radical modesty unsullied. I daren't write more. I know that he will be shocked and a little indignant that I have mentioned his retirement at all. But every man has to pay a price for what he does. I expect Douglas Cole will regard it as a pretty high price to be told in print that I love and revere him.

* * *

Foreign travel is supposed to broaden the mind. I must therefore have some thoughts on a fortnight in France. First thought: the French do not care about politics at all. Before I went, I read long accounts in the English papers about the grave crisis and about how every Frenchman wanted to assert national greatness by military victory in Algeria. On the spot, all this seems quite idiotic. The French people care nothing at all about Algeria. They are the most carefree, easy going, unassertive people in the world. Algeria is merely a governmental folly, kept going in order to justify dramatic debates at the Palais Bourbon. If the government announced that it was going to clear out of Algeria tomorrow, it would no doubt fall; but everyone would be greatly relieved, and the clearing out of Algeria would take place. I make quite a lot of money on the side from talking about politics, but I suspect all the same that this is the pattern of the future, not only in France, but everywhere. Politics have become a triviality, unimportant, irrelevant. What really matters in France is the Tour de France. What matters in England? Nothing. The whole game is up. We care no more about the Test matches than we do about politics. As to Wimbledon, it is turned into a farce within a week of its ending, when the champion becomes professional and is at once shown to be a good deal below the highest class.

* * *

Second reflection on foreign travel: why do we English make such a rigmarole about it? Go to the frontier between France and Belgium, as I did, and there you see the cars whizzing by with hardly a moment's delay. There are no customs officials; passports are not asked for; car-papers are stamped bang, bang, and that's all. Why can't we have that at Dover? Why, for instance, do we need the representatives of the motoring organisations (for which each motorist pays £3 a time) when you can cross every continental frontier without any such assistance? What is the point of passports? National Insurance will soon catch up with any alien who takes a job. And if he does not take a job, what harm can he do? I'm no great admirer of Ernie Bevin, the hero of the right wing in the Labour party, but at least he wanted to get rid of passports. Why don't the Right follow their hero's lead? Then again, Customs: the whole affair is senseless in modern conditions. The Customs official at Dover thought so too. He went laboriously through my cases and said as he did so: 'You taxpayers pay us, so we have to do something to justify our keep'. I had better end this continental excursion on a more practical note. Here it is. The day of starred restaurants in the Michelin guide is over. You get coloured napkins and tablecloths, clean lavatories, but commonplace food. He who wishes to eat well must now follow the lorry-drivers. Look for the sign of Les Routiers. The only defect of these admirable restaurants with their excellent food is that there are no lorry drivers at the adjoining tables.

* * *

I am tempted to add a footnote to the row that Crossman has caused by suggesting that the trade union MPs were not of high standard. And it is this: the row is on the wrong issue. It would be madness to demand MPs of high standard in intellect or political leadership. Heaven knows, one Crossman makes the House of Commons pretty rough going. Five hundred Crossmen would make it impossible. The function of the House of Commons is that of a jury, not that of an academic common room. The more ordinary, the more undistinguished the members, the better. The able and ambitious will push to the top soon enough. The greatest boast of most members is that they belong to the rank and file. Indeed I don't understand why the House is not chosen by lot, now that we have a completely democratic electoral roll. By the law of averages it would be representative, and and it would certainly keep things stirring.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The sooner there are many fewer theatres in Britain the better.

Some of our best-known authors frequently find plots in immorality, such as the other woman in the case.

It seems now that young married couples look upon divorce and immorality as really not mattering.

Theatre fans say that such things portray life as it really is. A futile excuse. Some things are bad enough in reality without repeating them on stage.—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (Susanne Croner.)

A. Hall, a tall, powerful American, improved on his 20-hour-old figures of 206ft 11½in with a fine hammer throw of 208ft 8in. This ranks as a British all-comers' record. The reservation must be made that the Russian, M Krivonosov, achieved 314ft 10½in last September at Bisham Abbey, but the performance was not accepted because the A.A.A. does not recognise records made on a Sunday.—*Observer*. (R. Reissner.)

Since his marriage last year, Lord Brooke, the Earl of Warwick's son and heir, has had no full-time employment. However, at his wife's urging, he has occupied himself a good deal with handicrafts. And, by covering matchboxes with scraps of velvet, wallpaper and suchlike, he has made several attractive little knick-knacks.—*Sunday Express*. (Jeanne Unwin.)

A dapper, white-bearded Cambridge professor told yesterday how he went to the local authority for sex education pamphlets for his two sons.

'But I was so alarmed in case my wife should see them that I had to throw them out.'—*News Chronicle*. (J. Woodhead.)

Son of the Golden West

LONG before Earl Warren became Chief Justice of the U.S. Supreme Court he was asked to define his attitude to politics. Borrowing a phrase from Lincoln he said: 'I'm a slow walker, but I never walk backwards'. The decisions that have come from the Court since he was appointed in October, 1953, suggest that this was a characteristic understatement. The Court, under Warren, has moved forward faster than the most optimistic liberal could have predicted. Earl Warren might have been President of the United States. He might have been a very good President. But it is doubtful whether he would have left so deep a mark upon American history.

When President Eisenhower appointed Warren as Chief Justice the new job seemed like a consolation prize for an affable politician who had just missed the biggest prize of them all. There was little in his record to suggest that the office might temper him into a memorable reformer—and other men have been shunted off into the Supreme Court because there was nowhere else to put them. True, in a country still young enough to notice when someone does something for the first time, Warren has collected many 'firsts'. He was the first governor of California to be elected for a second term; for a third term; and as the candidate of both the Republican and Democratic parties. He is the first Chief Justice to come from west of the Mississippi, the first appointed for admittedly political reasons and services, and the first for nearly 50 years to lack either judicial experience or any term of federal office. Indeed, had he been born a few years later, had there been time for America's political centre of gravity to shift further to the fast-growing West, he might have been the first Californian to reach the White House. But all this was achieved by a man whose appeal seemed to lie in his distaste for definite opinions. He was popular because he was non-partisan, a liberal conservative wrapped in the soft cocoon of good intentions. 'To make progress in an evolutionary manner,' he said not long after he joined the Court, 'is the conservative way of getting things done'. Phrases of this kind may be routine for a presidential aspirant: they are not normally a prelude to controversial and decisive use of the highest judicial office.

Yet they helped to make Earl Warren—before he became Chief Justice—second only to Dwight Eisenhower in the hearts of his countrymen. He seemed the perfect projection of the American dream. He was the boy who made good, the model family man (how those pretty daughters helped!), the just steward of the public interest, the smiling politician who had risen without commitments to the murky netherworld of machine politics. Warren might be the local doctor who has obligingly lent himself as a model for one of Norman Rockwell's covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*. No scandal touched him. Knowing that to influence people you must first make friends he has been an inveterate joiner—Baptist, Mason, Moose, Oddfellow, Elk and a Native Son of the Golden West.

Whatever functions the last of these fraternal societies may perform, its name perfectly describes Earl Warren. He was born in March 1891 in a five-room frame house in Los Angeles. His father, Mathias Varran (the name was americanised to Warren), was a Norwegian immigrant from Stavanger, his mother a Swedish girl who had been brought up in Minnesota. When Earl Warren was born, his father was a coachbuilder for the Southern Pacific, and a member of the pioneer American Railway Union, founded by Eugene Debs. But California was growing up, and, as Henry George was complaining, there was money to be made from land. A few successful ventures in real estate made the family prosperous enough for Earl to go to the University of California at Berkeley for three years of political science—and then go on to law school. He helped to pay his own way. While he was still at school he earned pocket-money by knocking-up railwaymen, and by a paper-round. He played the clarinet in the school band, well enough to secure a card in the Musicians' Union—and, like the pianist Harry Truman, he still holds formal membership in the union. College vacations were spent as a freight-hustler and farm-hand, and as a cub reporter on the Bakersfield *Californian*: Warren says that he first decided to become a lawyer when he was covering cases in the Kern County Courthouse. After war service in the infantry—he was admitted to the California Bar in 1914—he started his legal career in earnest, as clerk to the judiciary committee of the California Assembly.

This was the first rung in a ladder that Warren has since climbed to the top. As district attorney of Alameda County for 13 years, he built a political career on his reputation as a crime-buster, as Dewey did in New York. Like Dewey, too, he was accused of using high-handed methods to get convictions at any cost. But he had an effective reply. He pointed out that, in the 13 years he was district attorney, he had prosecuted thousands of cases, from window-breaking to murder. Not one of the convictions he secured was reversed by a higher court.

By 1938, Warren was established as a sure vote-getter: thanks to the peculiar electoral laws of California, he was able to become state attorney-general as the candidate of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties. In 1942, he ran for governor, and carried every

county in the state. Two years later, he refused Dewey's invitation to be his running-mate, but in 1948, having failed to get the presidential nomination for himself, Warren swung the Californian delegation behind Dewey at a critical moment and accepted in return the second place on the ticket. But for the 'drafting' of General Eisenhower in 1952 and again in 1956, Earl Warren would have been the almost unavoidable Republican choice for the presidency.

Yet, despite his popularity, Warren remained a difficult man to 'place' politically. He was careful to avoid being tagged as a reactionary, though in the early days of his political career he was backed by the most conservative interests in California. Yet, equally, he did not seem much of a crusader for civil liberty or for social reform. As attorney-general in 1941 he had ruled that it was permissible to deport the Japanese-Americans from the Coast for security reasons, though this was collective punishment, harshly applied and legally questionable. He had taken an evasive position when the board of regents tried to impose a special loyalty oath on the faculty of the University of California. And though he took credit for California's social security laws, its new highways, hospitals and schools – and for paying for these out of a balanced budget – he was pushed on by the rapid expansion of the state's industry and population. Warren just wandered down the middle of the road.

He seemed a nice man in October 1953, but scarcely the man to preside over the Supreme Court at a critical moment in its history. Under his predecessor, Chief Justice Vinson, the Court had passed through a timid, even illiberal, phase, giving much more weight to the needs of authority than the rights of the individual. Time and again, Justices Black and Douglas had dissented, arguing that American liberty was as much endangered from within as from without. But the grip of hysteria was slackening – and the Court was just beginning to deal with cases that had started to grind through the legal machine when the witch-hunt had been at its worst. It would have been easy for Warren to play safe again, judiciously picking his way through the constitutional jungle. But, for the son of the Norwegian immigrant, the years of compromise were over: he had 'the fixed purpose of leaving politics permanently' and he could pursue an even greater vocation than the presidency. He could become the custodian of American liberty, remake the pattern of race relations, recast the balance of loyalty and liberty, and redefine the limits of presidential and congressional power. Challenge enough for any man – and for one who was the perfect projection of the American dream, it was a challenge to remember that the essence of that dream was personal freedom.

Earl Warren rose to the challenge without hesitation. Depending upon the long experience of Justice Black, and finding within himself an unsuspected capacity for decision, he tipped the balance of the Court the other way. The first great decision came in 1954, when the Court served notice that 'racial discrimination in public education is unconstitutional'. Since then, sometimes unanimously, sometimes by a narrow margin, the Court has outlawed segregation in public parks, museums and buses; thrown out state subversion laws; and circumscribed the use of informers and the secret dossiers of the FBI. In its most recent decisions it has upset the conviction of Communist functionaries, told the Un-American Activities Committee just how limited its activities should be, and made a forthright declaration on academic freedom.

Nine men sit in a marble temple charged with dispensing equal justice under law – and the law is what they say it is. Today, despite the clamour from the South, despite the frustrated anger of the witch-hunters, they have declared that the law was made by Jefferson and Lincoln, not McCarthy and the Dixiecrats. If that declaration is being slowly ratified by American opinion, the seal and signature are those of Earl Warren, C.J.

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Artists and Schools

The smell of ink, a dark beer-coloured wall as high as your head, a black-board on which such light as there is from a Gothic window filters in odd patterns, noises from the free street outside, intoning and chapel shuffling from the class the other side of the partition, texts in fretwork frames ('If I should die think only this of me . . .') and the brightest colour in the room the red of the British Empire on the faded map of the world hanging next to the notice board: such is the typical old school room in the Church school. Thousands existed, and even today a fair number are still in use. An imaginative teacher can of course beat the dreariness of his surroundings. In one such school I saw an arithmetic chart on which a torch bulb lit up when you put the terminal against the right answer: an idea that has been used commercially. But in this case a ten-year-old boy had voluntarily designed and made the whole affair himself. Obviously for him the institutional shell of the building also contained its excitements. Yet institutional shell it remains.

A wide staircase climbing up behind a glass wall, through which is visible ten miles of the famous Midland hunting country (famous also among some children for its abundance of butterflies); on the walls of the stairway an aquarium wall-paper, gold, cerulean and scarlet with anemonies and angel fish; along the corridors circular skylights, the insides of their 'barrels' painted red or yellow so that the incoming light itself looks coloured; oil paintings (not reproductions) – a Christopher Wood, a Michael Ayrton, an Alastair Grant – in the class-rooms; wide south and west windows, with multi-coloured blinds for when it is dazzling; air conditioning; flowers in potter's pots. Does the contrast sound exaggerated? The children's nickname for the newest block at Burrow-upon-Soar Grammar School is 'The Palace', and a boy at the Martin Secondary School, Anstey, wrote, 'The only thing wanted to make the school perfect is a swimming pool'.

There are two Leicestershire experiments: the now famous one of abolishing the 11-plus examination: and the creation in all the new county schools of the kind of visual environment that I have just described. Again, of course, one must qualify. Any sound headmaster, if he were forced to choose, would rather have a good staff than a good building. But there is no doubt whatever that the structure, appearance, and amenities of these new schools (what in fact is too vaguely called their atmosphere) has a positive and large effect on the discipline, taste, and community sense of the children who go to them.

I have been hard-pressed enough as a teacher myself to be rid of any sentimentality about school children. But going round these schools I was made remarkably happy, elated, at being confronted with such potentiality. Here was the beginning of a synthesis of some of the most constructive 20th-century innovations – in psychology, science, social justice, architecture, art. Of course there were criticisms to be made. But here was the beginning of a tradition beginning with children.

Leicestershire is not, of course, the only county to have built new schools, and abroad it is England as a whole, and Hertfordshire in particular, that has a reputation for progressive school building. What took me to Leicestershire was a comparatively small but important detail: the county's steady patronage of the visual arts. But because such patronage can be considered as a kind of charity or conscience-saving (Blessed are the Patrons for they shall inherit the works of Genius), it is necessary to emphasise the wider and practical context in which sculpture and paintings in these schools are just one part.

Nearly every school in the county has two or three modern oil paintings on its walls and often some small pieces of sculpture and ceramics as well. Some belong to the schools and some are borrowed from the county collection that has been built up during the last decade. They have been paid for out of royalties coming from a widely-used school book that the county produced years ago, from building and decorating allocations, and from school material allowances. In other words, the rate-payer has never had to pay for these works as an 'extravagant' extra: a necessary precaution against philistine snipers. The real explanation of the achievement, however, is not to be found in any particular accounting talent, but in the enthusiasm and initiative of the county's Director of Education. He has had the sense and the confidence to buy unknown works compara-

tively cheaply. He has convinced headmasters that a painting in their library can stimulate as well as a shelf of books. When a sports trophy has been required he has had the initiative to get a modern sculptor to design it. Every year he organises an annual sale of works collected from London. He goes round the schools insisting that the works in them should not be preciously protected, that they should be used and hung low on the wall in the most frequented places. He has persuaded artists to accept comparatively low fees for the sake of having their work in a living context. Twenty such men in the country could probably achieve a minor revolution in the appreciation of the visual arts; were it not for his efforts 90 per cent. of the children in these schools would leave without ever in their lives having seen a modern oil painting.

The use of sculpture in the Leicestershire schools is even more striking. About 25 new schools have been built since the war, and all of them have their large-scale sculpture or relief. Sometimes the work is in the entrance hall (in the brick plinth of one of these is a cocoa tin inside which are the names of all the children who subscribed shillings or pennies towards the cost of it), sometimes outside on the forecourt in front of the playing fields, most often attached to the outside walls themselves. The standard of these works by lesser-known sculptors—such as Ronald Pope or Ben Franklin—justifies the courage behind the scheme. There are also original innovations: William Soukop has designed some good, large-scale coloured ceramic plaques, which, if used on several schools, will cost comparatively little. A series of these plaques is of the Signs of the Zodiac, which led to the surrealist-sounding remark made by one child, that 'The martins are nesting in Capricorn!' The most important result of all, however, of this sculpture-commissioning programme, is the discovery that there is a sculptor in this country with genius for such work: Peter Peri.

Peri has made sculpture for six Leicestershire schools. One of these is not entirely successful. The other five are triumphant, and their vigour, lack of sentimentality and sense of adventure make them outstandingly popular with the children. In the past one of the reasons why Peri has not had the success he deserves is that his work has usually been seen (as all works of art normally are today) in the sophisticated hedonist atmosphere of London 'culture,' where his cheerful lack of elegance has been mistaken for inept clumsiness. But here, his works modelled in concrete on brick walls beside a football field or a gymnasium, he comes into his own. Searching for a parallel to give some rough idea of the spirit of his work, I think of Breughel, but one must add that he is not in the least illustrative, and has the *sculptural* energy of an artist like Zadkine.

All his subjects are concerned with children. They call a dog, play football, watch geese fly across the wall above them, sit together. The boys shorts and socks are simplified into forms which might be the beginning of mercurial wings; on the other hand, the girls legs are hefty and do not yet pretend that they cannot be separated. These are children, I am convinced, as most children seem to themselves. They run for pleasure with the same kind of energy with which most adults can only run if from disaster. They shove, squat, kick, sit, get dirty without a thought that they might be judged by *how* they do these things. They lack style because they do not need it. Something like that is the emotional content of Peri's work for these schools. But being works of art, they of course do need style. And they have it as a result of the superb way they are composed in relation to the architecture; the placing of his figures on their wall (some of them project horizontally) turns the wall into an arena of actions and relationships so permanently well-balanced that the casual flight of a real bird across it is made to seem trivial.

Indeed, if I wanted a single visual symbol for the general promise of the new schools that I have described, I would choose Peri's boy at Castle Donington. In one hand he holds out, parallel to the wall but seven feet away from it, an open book made of bars with openings between them; in his other hand is an open globe. His feet are on the wall, standing on it as if it were the ground. His head thrust back looks straight ahead. An image of old Church-school rhetoric? A grotesque gargoyle? Described verbally it could, I suppose, sound like either. But in its concrete form it epitomises an architecture of release. Here is a sculptor who must be used still further for what he can do incomparably well.

JOHN BERGER

Fleet Street Notebook

I SEE that my old friend Sir Linton Andrews, chairman of the Press Council, moralising broodily as is his wont about the press, has just been accusing those papers that seek a mass circulation – bloodhounds of circulation instead of watchdogs of the public, remarks Sir Linton coining several phrases – of, among other crimes, 'seizing on the trivial'. This, of course, is an old, in fact a stock, charge. Sir William Haley has made it several times recently in mounting accents of pain. Bishops, leaders of public opinion, university vice-chancellors and other top people have a habit of it now so established that it is practically a Pavlov reflex action.

But what in fact is meant by the trivial and what, journalistically speaking, can this particular crime of the more popular papers be said to involve? How, in fact, when one comes down to it, does one distinguish between the paper that thinks only of trivialities and the paper that would not touch them if all the chartered accountants in Fleet Street arrived in procession carrying banners of net sales certificates. I was in Yorkshire, Sir Linton Andrews' terrain, talking to a miners' summer school at the beginning of this week, and each morning where I was staying there arrived crisp and fresh Sir Linton's own journal, the *Yorkshire Post*. It seemed to me, as it always does, a very competent, if politically biased, local paper and practically crammed full of trivialities – or what must seem trivialities to anyone who has not the good fortune to live in and around Leeds. Trivialities about mayors, aldermen, lady justices of the peace, scoutmasters, Rotarians, ministers (Church not Cabinet) and those about to get married or retire. And quite right too. It is by the reporting of such trivialities that Sir Linton Andrews and his colleagues very properly arm themselves against the invaders from Fleet Street. It is by such means that they hold their publics. But why is it creditable to hold a local public by reporting trivialities which have a special meaning to them, but discreditable to write of trivialities that are likely to attract a larger public?

And what is 'trivial' anyway? Is it trivial to tell me, as *The Times* does in the issue before me as I write, that a skull-shaped silver watch that may have belonged to Mary Queen of Scots has been sold for £1,950; that a number of no doubt worthy, but otherwise unremarkable, people have attended a garden party for charity; that Lord Home is to visit Central Africa, Mr. Profumo, Gibraltar, and Aly Khan, Syria; that there has been snow in northern Italy; and that curlews are now on the move? Or is such quality of triviality as these pieces of information might initially possess automatically purged by appearance in *The Times*?

And what, to move to deeper matters, is the particular brand of triviality by which the mass circulation newspapers illegitimately snare their innocent millions? Consider for instance that paper which has trapped more millions over a longer period of time than any other paper in history – the *News of the World*: the biggest bloodhound in all Sir Linton's pack. One can say a good many things about the *News of the World*. But can one say it is trivial? I am bound to say it requires more cynicism than I am capable of to pin this particular label on the sober reports of human violence, passion and sexual agony with which it fills its pages each week. And what of the bloodhound at its shoulder – the *Sunday Pictorial*?

The *Sunday Pictorial* devoted its first page last week to 'Wedding Ban on Queen's Cousin' – the cousin being the Earl of Strathmore, the lady in the case, according to the *Sunday Pic*, a Dundee nurse. This may be trivial (except, of course, to the persons involved). I found it of no great interest myself. But would it have been marked so if it had appeared, as some variant of it might well have done, on *The Times* social page. The second page lead of the *Pictorial* dealt with 'Food Crisis as Market Row Spreads'. Nothing trivial in that – in fact, as often happens with Page Two stories in the *Pictorial*, it dealt with problems and events that were subsequently to occupy a great deal of space in much less trivial papers. Other offerings to *Pictorial* readers were a threat to kidnap the seven-year-old sister of Tommy Steele, the disappearance of a husband which the *Pictorial* detective squad is trying to trace for his wife and children; an alleged miracle at Lourdes, and the threatened expulsion from their homes of 200 people living on a caravan site.

If these are trivial then a good deal of the raw material of much of the world's literature is trivial also. And there was the disclosure that the Bradford Equitable Building Society had issued a notice to a West Indian graduate of the London School of Economics who is now a civil servant in the Colonial Office, informing him that 'it is the policy of the Society's directors not to approve advances to coloured people'. This may have seemed trivial to the Building Society official who issued the notice and who has subsequently been disowned by his directors, but it does not seem trivial to me.

Of course I have no doubt – since painful reading experience convinces me of the fact – that I could find a good deal of what strikes me personally as trivial in the larger circulation daily and Sunday papers – just as I can in the *Yorkshire Post* or *The Times*. For my own taste the largest crop is usually to be found in the *Sunday Express* which, although still behind the leaders, is certainly no slouch of a circulation bloodhound. But who am I to judge what will be trivial for other people? And who is Sir William Haley and who Sir Linton Andrews? I ask for information. Meanwhile might we not all drop the word and take a fresh look at what matters as news to different publics?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Sunday, 2184

"Where's your mother?" asked Tom.

Anne looked round in surprise.

"Gone to church. Always does on Sunday."

"I didn't know she was religious."

"Oh, she is, ever so. Can't argue with her."

"D'you ever go with her?"

"I had to when I was younger."

"You know," said Tom, "I'd like to see what it's like. Why don't we drop in for a bit?"

And a few minutes later they parked on the patch of asphalt still quaintly referred to as "the bomb site." The half-understood past was all around them. All the buildings here dated back to the early 20th century, and the church was even older. Older, even, than the religion which centred upon it; once it had been used for Christian rites.

The meeting had just begun when the two young people tiptoed in and leaned against one of the huge pillars. Tom peered along the aisle; he could just distinguish the sacred jug and glass of purified water on the splendid cloth that covered the table.

"Who's that?" he whispered, pointing to a magnificently robed figure at the side of the platform.

"The Branch Secretary, silly," Anne whispered. "The one in the middle is the District Organiser himself." She indicated a white-haired man dressed entirely in red.

Tom was unsure of the meaning of the archaic titles, but he found something impressive in the slow movements of the priests, both of whom wore the full beards that had been the badge of their calling since the time of Marx the prophet. Above the table hung the banners; and, suspended from the dome, the Emblem. Anne was explaining the stained-glass windows—Molotov signing the Pact, Dimitrov miraculously unscathed in the Reichstag Fire, Gollan scourging the Revisionists. Neither the names nor the obsolete words meant much to him, and he turned his attention to the scattering of worshippers.

Most of them, as he had expected, were elderly; but here and there he noticed a young enthusiast. You met them from time to time selling their pamphlets, still manufactured by what was called printing, or attracting curious glances when they held a "march" or a "rally" on their holy days. They were distinctive in their 20th-century garments, the men in duffle-coats and the women, stranger still, in trousers.

A man dressed in the ceremonial overalls advanced to where a big book was chained to a reading-stand. This, Anne whispered, was the Shop Steward. An apprentice handed him his gold-framed spectacles. Tom knew that these curious objects had been worn by ordinary people before the development of modern opthectomy; in fact, he had a dim memory of trying on a pair belonging to his grandfather and roaring with laughter in front of the mirror.

The Shop Steward read in a loud, sonorous voice: "*The German Ideology*. From the first book: Opposition of the Materialistic and Idealistic Outlook. The second section of the first chapter: Concerning the Production of Consciousness." The faithful settled comfortably into their seats; the passage was evidently familiar to them. The Shop Steward cleared his throat and went on: "In history up to the present it is certainly an empirical fact that separate individuals have, with the broadening of their activity into world-historical activity, become more and more enslaved under a power alien to them. . . ."

After the Reading, everyone stood up and began to sing. Anne had to stop herself from joining in. She did not know the meaning that the words, presumably, had once possessed, but she had learned them too early in life ever to be able to forget them. She repeated them for Tom, who was finding it hard to catch them:

> Banker and boss hate the red Soviet star,
> Gladly they'd build a new throne for the Czar,
> But from the steppes to the dark Baltic sea,
> Lenin's Red Army brings victory.

"Red what?" muttered Tom. But she had to shush him; the faithful were sitting down and the District Organiser, after taking a reverent sip of water, began the Report. The text was from one of the books of Engels—it sounded like "*Anti-Dühring*"—and ran: "We may add at this point that all historical antagonisms between exploiting and exploited, ruling and oppressed classes to this very day find their explanation in this same relatively undeveloped productivity of human labour."

The District Organiser's voice, unlike that of the Shop Steward, was old and shaky, and Tom and Anne had to strain to hear what he said. "Comrades," he began, "often in the bewildering hurry of modern life we find it hard to interpret the simple message of the Four Great Teachers. There are seductive voices, alas, who would persuade us that it has no relevance to the age in which we live. But, dear comrades, those who study truly and with a developed consciousness, ready to receive all that theory and ideology can give, will know their reward. . . ."

Tom's attention wandered, and he picked up only disconnected phrases of the Report: "concrete activity" . . . "crisis of over-production" . . . "democratic centralism." Anne was tugging at his sleeve.

"What else is there?" he asked.

"The Collection, then the Reply, and then those who've been confirmed go up to the table for the Card-stamping. That's the really holy part. Mother never misses it."

The Report droned on for a while, then ended with the customary invocation: "Rouse the masses!" Members of the Branch Committee, in white robes fringed with red, came round with the traditional caps for the collection. Tom felt among his small change and contributed a couple of pounds. Some comrades, he noticed, gave silver—a fiver or even a tenner. A man in the front row had responded to the ritual appeal: "Who will be the first to give a hundred?"

The Branch Secretary delivered the Reply, which was shorter than the Report but just as obscure. Tom was puzzled by a phrase used at intervals: "Some comrades raised the point. . . ." Anne explained under her breath that the Reply had, in the early days of the Church (when it was known as the Party), been called the Reply to Discussion. At that time there had been a rite, in which members of the congregation participated, called the Discussion.

They left during the Reply. Anne kissed her boy friend behind the ear as he pressed the starter of the helibike. It was right for him to take an interest in all sorts of things. Mother would be pleased, too, if he was able to understand her old-fashioned ideas.

Tom circled the Emblem that glinted in the sun at the top of the church, three hundred feet in altitude. It was a fine old building. . . . He had read somewhere that it was once called Saint Paul's. He wondered why.

They reached the coast in good time for a swim before lunch. As they lazed on the sand, Anne said: "A pound for your thoughts, Tom."

"Oh, I was just thinking about the meeting," he answered. "It's funny to think that the Church once had a lot of power, isn't it?"

MERVYN JONES

The Arts and Entertainment

Orchestral Music at Cheltenham

This year's Cheltenham Festival was in many ways an encouraging occasion, with good attendances and a standard of new music which seemed higher than usual. As in past years, the four Hallé concerts contained the principal novelties and drew the largest audiences. Sir John Barbirolli and his players had clearly taken immense pains over the heavy task of learning so many new scores; so far as one could judge, the performances they gave were, in every respect but one, exemplary. But both new music and old often sounded overpoweringly loud.

With the new music one could not always feel sure where the trouble lay: both over-scoring and over-playing are accentuated by the keen acoustics of the small and resonant Town Hall, and Sir John is not the man to scale down his fortissimi to suit a mere building. Like so many conductors, he declares his hand in his treatment of the National Anthem; not for him, during that sticky sequence of dominant sevenths in the penultimate line, Strauss's famous advice: 'Never look at the brass: it only encourages them'. The Hallé brass are constantly encouraged to do their damnedest; the Hallé drummers are incited to deliver prodigious whacks which cause hockey-playing schoolgirls to quiver in their seats and turn pale. At one of the concerts Malcolm Arnold took over the baton and, to the envy of Sir John, raised a still greater shindy in his *Tam o'Shanter* Overture. This piece, by the way, belongs to a distinct new musical species which may be called the 'Bold and Brassy British Concert Overture'; all these works can be traced back to Elgar's *Cockaigne*, which remains, for me, the most enjoyable of the lot. Besides *Tam*, there exist well-known specimens – all of them perky, jaunty, breezy and rowdy – by Ireland, Bliss, Iain Hamilton, Walton, Rawsthorne, and no doubt many others. To hear them thundered out day after day, even such superior examples as Walton's *Johannesburg Festival* or Rawsthorne's *Street Corner*, is enough to make one heartily sick of the whole bag of tricks; it was an immense relief when one of the concerts began with something peaceful and charming, Sir John's own transcription, mainly for strings, of five pieces from the Fitzwilliam Virginals Book.

The four novelties comprised two symphonies and two concertos, and only one of them – the Piano Concerto of John Gardner – seemed to me unworthy. Having also dismally failed to enjoy his recent opera, I should have concluded that Gardner's style just happens to be antipathetic to me, but for the fact that I recall deriving a good deal of pleasure both from his Symphony and from a set of orchestral variations when these works were given at earlier Cheltenham Festivals. Perhaps, for all his professional skill, he has not yet acquired a distinctively personal

the things they say!

That's a natty suit you're wearing!

Glad you like it.

One of these new synthetics, I suppose?

Yes, it's one of the latest — 'Terylene'.

Hmm. I suppose in a couple of years we'll all be dressed in synthetics from head to toe?

Not quite. You can see from the papers that we're making more and more of these synthetic fibres, but I know enough to tell you that they're never likely to oust fibres such as cotton or wool as our main textile materials.

Why is that? The old story of Britain again lagging behind in production?

No, we're expanding the output of synthetic fibres at a great pace. But you've got to keep a sense of proportion — why, in 1956, this country's consumption *of cotton alone was about 730 million pounds.*

Still, in time, when all the new synthetic fibre plants are completed . . . ?

No, not even then. The natural fibres are generally cheaper. You see, synthetics are made from expensive raw materials, in special plants that cost a lot of money to build.

Then why use the synthetics at all?

Because they possess qualities that are unique, and with some of them our textile industry has been able to create fabrics that have many attractive features, like easy washing, quick drying, and quite remarkable resistance to creasing.

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manner; if the opera often sounded like undigested Berg, the new concerto, especially its thick and grumpy opening, suggests a coarse-grained Bartok. The piano writing, mainly scales and octaves, offered Cyril Preedy little scope to do more than display his possession of a fluent technique.

The other concerto, Malcolm Arnold's Second for Horn and Strings, was confessedly a display piece: a vehicle for the consummate art of Dennis Brain – and why not? It is true that, with almost any other soloist, our enjoyment would have been sharply diminished; but that is no reason to dismiss so elegant and shapely a composition. Brain's playing offers us the nearest modern equivalent to the singing of a supreme 18th-century castrato like Farinelli or Caffarelli; we are enchanted by the perpetual beauty of tone and by the uncanny smoothness and flexibility of utterance; and the fact that we cannot fail to be sharply aware of the enormous difficulty of the feats so effortlessly performed constitutes an important element in our enjoyment. Even from Brain I remember nothing to equal his pianissimo cantabile in Arnold's slow movement, or the scales, both diatonic and chromatic, which he tossed off in the finale. And the music, though slight, is uncommonly subtle. In the first movement, for instance, there is a phrase consisting of a rising octave followed by a rising seventh which is born of the very nature of the instrument and, being almost infinitely adaptable, is turned to the happiest account in a constant series of fresh contexts.

The two symphonies, both works of considerable substance and merit, were northern, and to some extent specifically Scandinavian, in inspiration and influence. Having declared himself to the public as an authority on Carl Nielsen, Robert Simpson must be tired of having the style of the Danish master traced in everything he writes. We are told that he had completed more than half of his one-movement First Symphony (a striking and beautiful work, which has been recorded by HMV, and is to be given at the Proms on August 2 before he became aware of Nielsen; yet even then there was a latent spiritual kinship which was to emerge in the final section and is still more evident in the Second Symphony which was given at Cheltenham. About this relationship there is nothing either servile or mechanical: the two composers share a preoccupation with the use of tonality as a basis of structure, and a similar tendency to lay out their movements in what may be called large 'terraces' of related keys. Thus, the first movement of the new symphony (and in fact the work as a whole) is in B minor/major, and it works away from, and back to, this tonality by two steps of a major third—E flat and G; moreover, E flat (with a suggestion of G) is the key of the central slow movement. The symphony is remarkable for a very high degree of repetition: the attainment of each of the new key-terraces in the first movement is signalised by a powerful outburst of one-bar repetition on a positively Beethovenish scale; and the question is bound to arise whether Simpson's material—his muscles, so to speak—can quite take the necessary strain. In the first movement I felt that he had just brought it off, though by a narrow margin; in the recklessly overscored finale the repeated rhythmic figuration becomes dangerously monotonous. The central Largo cantabile, however, is a highly original and extremely beautiful movement. Though described as 'a set of continual variations', it makes rather the effect of a single finely organised span of sound, with a central pianissimo section like some inner sanctuary where the sounds of the outer world (a phrase of four notes, either all the same, or including the rocking-to-and-fro minor third that is an important element in the movement) are heard more and more faintly; they cease; then return, as, like Tamino and Pamina, we emerge from the solemnity. It is a wonderful piece, and I am eager to hear it again.

If Arthur Butterworth were a Scandinavian composer, instead of being one of the Hallé's trumpeters, he might have called his symphony *Sinfonia septentrionalis*, for it is avowedly concerned with the North in many aspects—landscape, ways of living and feeling, even weather. It is not surprising that the listener should often feel the touch of Sibelius in such things as frequent writing for woodwind in thirds, driving rhythms and overlapping themes. But again this is a fully digested influence: the tang and colour are very personal; the manner, and in particular the scoring, both arresting and remarkably assured. The first movement consists of two parts, of which the second is an inverted recapitulation of the first; but this peculiar scheme makes for neither monotony nor pedantry. There is an expressive Lento, and a third movement which is virtually a lightly scored Minuet and Trio – an odd feature, one may think, in such a landscape; yet, with its tart and slightly humorous tunes, not incongruous. The finale is an astonishing tour de force which should attract any virtuoso conductor or orchestra in the world: a *moto perpetuo* of chromatic scales and fragmentary thematic material whirling upwards by sectional semitone steps through the entire chromatic octave. It is clearly an evocation of the elements at their wildest and most hostile; but it is not at all crudely onomatopoeic, and some of the sections are quite delicately scored. It formed a most brilliant conclusion to a work which was undoubtedly the popular hit of the whole Festival.

I must defer until next week some account of the Stravinsky and Arthur Benjamin operas now being performed at Sadler's Wells.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

SCIENCE AND THE SLICE

MOST PEOPLE think bread is just bread — but Science is far from being fobbed off with simple explanations of this kind. Scientists have been doing a big thick slice of research. They have emerged from their back-rooms with these findings. Bread is an excellent food in itself. It could give us as much as three quarters of the energy we, and our rampaging children, use up in a day.[1] And bread provides body-building proteins, and essential vitamins and minerals[2] into the bargain.

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1. *Medical Research Council Special Report Series No. 287, published by H.M.S.O.*
2. *All flour must contain — per 100 grams of flour: Iron — not less than 1.65 milligrams. Vitamin B_1 — not less than 0.24 milligrams. Nicotinic acid — not less than 1.60 milligrams.*
3. *Report of the Panel on Composition and Nutritive Value of Flour, published by H.M.S.O.*

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Post-mortem

ACTORS, painters, writers grow old, but jazz-players die long before the age when they become public monuments to all but the very young, to whom anyone active in 1936 is a historical figure. Of all the arts, this one probably has the highest occupational mortality. It is hard to find a cultural *milieu* less attractive to the insurance companies, apart from such a suicide-prone area as nineteenth-century romanticism, with which it has analogies. Its first recorded generation is younger than our century, and has lived with its casualties from 1910 when the legendary Buddy Bolden was taken away to an asylum. The 1920s and early 1930s were relatively healthy. It required an effort abnormal even for those days to die at 28 like Bix Beiderbecke (1931); and even the unique Bessie Smith, who died in 1937 and whose anniversary provokes these gloomy reflections, could probably have lasted a few years longer, but for the combined effects of a motor accident and medical neglect. But from 1939 on the deaths have come fast, and corpses litter the musical education of the jazz-lover. A few have died in their twenties, a good many in their thirties, a great many in their forties. Parker, Fats Waller, Ladnier, Dodds, Christian, Blanton, Berigan, Choo Berry and Frankie Newton, Herschel Evans, Catlett and 'Tricky Sam' – the list of those who never reached forty-five is abominably long. Bandleaders, a more responsible genus than soloists, live slightly longer. The fifties are the fatal decade for them. The most recent casualty among them, Jimmy Dorsey, died at 53.

What are the reasons for this massacre? One, obviously, is that jazz is a markedly unstable and sweated industry. The average bar or club in which the working life of many musicians is passed, would not have got by a factory inspector in 1847. Their working-hours are nightmares. But the musician, especially if successful, cannot even rely on regular, if insanitary, night duty. The economics of the large band, for instance, are built on the most killing form of touring, the 'one night stand', and the structure of the entertainment business multiplies its rigours. Let us suppose Mr Big, an agent – perhaps we had best stick to suppositious names – sells Cape Horn and his Band to Mr Medium, a London agent, for what he would fetch in New York plus 10 per cent. (The New York price naturally includes the 10 or 15 per cent. Cape pays his manager, the 10 per cent. he pays his publicity man and such percentages as go to anyone else who has a piece of him.) This is already expensive. Mr. Medium, if sensible, will sell the package to Little, an impresario, who will try to subcontract the deal further, each party clearing his 10 per cent. Whoever actually arranges the concerts may thus have to recover a price inflated by, say, 33 per cent. plus his publicity outlay, before he can see a profit. The only way to do this is to pack the maximum number of concerts – not to mention press receptions, TV interviews and the rest – into the tour. Cape and his men will be lucky to have time to think, let alone to recognise what town they are in. Ten years of this sort of life, interspersed with

Men of the World

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other engagements, can wreck the resistance of quite a strong constitution.

Any industry built on casual hiring and wildly fluctuating earnings is a danger to life and limb. When the casual labour consists of poor youngsters plunged into money, who cannot average out the fat weeks and the lean months, it may well be a death-trap. But jazz, unlike orchestral playing, is not simply a way of earning a living. For the slum-children of the Negro South it was, with sport, crime and prostitution, the only way of rising out of unskilled labour. They were the heroes of their ghettoes, and obliged to behave like heroes: free-handed, over-lifesize, diamond-toothed. For all, it was and is an art in the romantic sense; every sax-player is a Paganini. For all, it is normally a revolt against bourgeois respectability (the 'squares'), which often makes those who are commercially successful distrust themselves, those who settle for playing popular music and earning a regular income hate themselves, and those who starve rather than play 'unrighteous' music the folk-heroes of adolescent jazz-lovers. The early jazzmen may have revolted because the 'square' world of Whites or Negroes was beyond their reach, or because it looked down on them. The middle-class white boys, whose situation has been described for the 1920s in Mezzrows's *Really the Blues* (Secker and Warburg, 25s.) and by Becker in the *American Journal of Sociology* (Sept. 1951), revolt because they reject the 'American way of life' in toto. The young coloured intellectuals who have increasingly infiltrated into jazz – it is no accident that hornrimmed glasses, beret and goatee become the hallmark of the 'modernist' jazzman – revolt partly against their uncertain social situation, partly against racial inferiority. Some of the early 'bop' players were even converted to Mohammedanism.

Like all individual, non-political forms of revolt, the jazzplayers' revolt is self-destructive; indeed doubly self-destructive, for the very music which is to distinguish them from the 'squares' is philistinised, the private 'jam-session' becomes a public money-maker, the most daring inventions of the 'modernists' become the basis of commercial band arrangements. Part of that self-destructiveness is reflected in the musicians' death-rate.

Among the living, the Duchess of Bedford and the Hon. Mrs Gerald Legge have produced a record which I am asked to advertise, but which cannot be excused even on the plea that it is for charity (HMV 7XEA 18964). On the other hand three persons of lower social status, Big Bill Broonzy, Memphis Slim and the late Sonny Boy Williamson (killed with an ice-pick aged 36) have produced a record which every student of folk-song and of American Negroes ought to learn by heart. *Blues in the Mississippi Night* (Pye-Nixa NJL 8) is a tape-recorded conversation about such subjects as jails, forced labour and the relations between black and white in the South, interspersed with blues, including the finest recorded version I know of the famous ballad of Stagolee, the Negro 'bad man'. Alan Lomax is responsible for this unique document, and indeed broadcast much of it some time ago on the Third Programme. Readers who require more relaxing jazz for their holiday music may try, especially in a punt at dusk, *In a Tender Mood* by Johnny Hodges and his orchestra (Columbia-Clef 33 C 9051). If they lack a gramophone, *Eddie Condon's Treasury of Jazz* (Peter Davies, 30s.) will provide 500 pages of omnibus reading of varied quality, some of it good.

FRANCIS NEWTON

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Out of the Blue

Manuela (Marble Arch Odeon) is a very good British film. So rare is the conjunction that the word 'British' may seem to imply irony or slight; but I don't mean it so. It *is* a very good film, and it's British. Quite how this miracle has come about, I don't know: the producer is Ivan Foxwell and the director Guy Hamilton, and William Woods wrote the script from his own novel. Names, I'm afraid, meaning little to me, but I shall look out for them in future.

A coffin is lowered from a tramp steamer in South American waters, to be rowed ashore; the captain lights a cigar, the mate over a prayer-book looks shocked, a bald pig of a Mexican is first hushed and then genial. When it's over and done they'll sail back to Bristol – with a new chief engineer. But first, a few drinks, girls.

One girl, crazed for England, wheedles the bald pig to take her aboard. Of course she's found out, first by the crew and then by the captain, who furiously isolates her. He is forty-three, she nineteen or so. Usually on these voyages his passion is whisky, now it's Manuela. A strange, bitter romance flowers in the cabin, while there's the threat of fire in the engine room. Threat becomes reality and the ship, ablaze, has to be abandoned. They escape, and the girl awaits her lover. He sends news, through the bald pig, that he's dead, and enough money to get her to England. He and bald pig, her lovers in fact and wish, go back to sea.

With a tale of this kind, it all depends how it's done; and in this case, it's done with relish, with irony, and a camera love of a boat. All the characters are individual, and the actors seize their chances: Trevor Howard, in his best performance, as the hard, sad, too-late captain, Pedro Armendariz as the bald engineer; Elsa Martinelli as the girl whose salvation depends, heaven knows why, on getting to England. They – and others, especially the prim mate and the bearded sailor who sees fortunes in mushroom-growing – are surprising and alive. Even the last few moments, when the girl sits overcome at a bar table, a new character appears – a sleepy-eyed man who has not ceased to stare at her from the moment she came in. He walks up to her table and sets down his glass with a proprietary air. But we don't think she will stay with him. Before long, she'll be wanting to go on to an England paved with mystery and gold.

End as a Man (Curzon) continues the muck-raking begun last week with *Sweet Smell of Success*. This time the object is a military academy in Florida. It proves to be far more scarifying than New York's gossip-world, something so Nazi that we may wonder at the end how much truth there is in it, and if it's true how widely that truth pertains. I can't, of course, offer any evidence one way or the other. Here is a film about adolescents as new and horrifying as *Rebel Without a Cause*. The routine rings true enough: freshmen springing to their feet and addressing seniors as sir, and compelled by them almost into imbecility. Whether the orgies of bullying, sadism, near-murder, and general hysteria are true to life one may well doubt. What is undeniable is that *End as a Man* takes the lid off dramatically. We are petrified: if American military colleges are really like this, can Zhukov's young men growing up be as bad? But then the arch-villain of all this is a charmer new to us, Ben Gazzara, and at once we admire, we are ambivalent. Mr Gazzara played the part on the stage, and the whole production is our first encounter with New York's Actors' Studio. Even the director is described as a young Actors' Studio graduate. Here is an access of vitality to the cinema, and America is rich in such: Paddy Chayevsky's TV plays, and Menotti's *The Medium* suggest an instinct lacking elsewhere. Certainly, we lack it. All the more reason, then, to be stunned by *Manuela*.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Many a Slip

DRAMA continues to be a staple, and highly popular, element in television programmes on both channels. So many plays are done each week that their quality, naturally, varies; but a medium is not to be despised that has given us, in the past few weeks, two plays by Mr Priestley, Lawrence Housman's *Victoria Regina*, Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*, and Strindberg's *The Father*.

This production of *The Father*, indeed, though done by Mr Peter Cotes, would hardly have satisfied those who had seen his or another good production of it on the stage. The play had been cut to run for one hour – or rather, to one hour less four minutes for commercials – which inevitably intensified the melodrama while oversimplifying the characters' psychological development. A dramatic climax of the play, moreover – the hurling of a lighted lamp by the Captain at his wife – was ruined by an unfortunate breach in studio liaison: we saw the Captain lift the lamp high; then the lamp (thrown in fact by a studio assistant) shattered; then back to the Captain – too quickly, for the lamp was still in his hand!

This kind of mishap provides an argument for those who say that the preference for live per-

formances of TV plays is wrong, and that more polished productions would be ensured if plays were all filmed in advance. At present the usual practice, both of the BBC and of the commercial companies, is to do most of a play live, filming only outdoor scenes (or if a particular actor cannot be in the studio on the required date). Some productions are tele-recorded, in case repeats are called for (as with the BBC's masterly *Othello*). If all plays were done on film, they could all be repeated; but not all of them are worth repeating, and the cost of filming is far higher.

Another disadvantage of live TV drama is that, if an actor 'dries up', the hiatus, and the voice of the prompter, are even more noticeable and embarrassing than in the theatre. In other sorts of TV programmes – documentaries, interviews, quizzes – hesitations and slips of the tongue not only don't matter, they actually enhance the effect of spontaneity and intimacy: in TV drama, they destroy catastrophically any illusion that may have been created. Many TV play plots are so far-fetched anyway, that even if the production and playing are perfect one has to work hard to hang on to any glimmering of illusion; it is a pity that it should be lost through trivial incidental breakdowns.

Perhaps because of the hot weather, perhaps because of inadequate time for rehearsal, there have lately been too many forgotten lines, and too many of those production mishaps. In one of ABC's *Hour of Mystery* series – a thriller called *Confess, Killer* – we had both: at one moment we were confronted by a studio camera; at another, one of the leading actors, whom it is kinder not to name, telephoned to the police, got through, said 'This is . . .' – and, agonisingly to us as well as him, forgot the name of the character he was playing. In a BBC production, *Craig's Wife*, Miss Constance Cummings gave a fine sharp performance but was badly let down by at least one other actress who dried up repeatedly.

BBC plays, I am told, get about three weeks' rehearsal; one of the commercial companies (A-R) reports 'a minimum of two weeks'. Is this enough? Not, apparently, always. Fuller rehearsal, difficult as it no doubt is, would be a better solution than the more costly one of filming all plays. More attention should be devoted to accuracy of detail: the *Boyd Q.C.* series (to be revived in the autumn) portrayed legal procedure with admirable authenticity; but the author or producer of a play, *Possession*, which was all about a parliamentary election, had not bothered to check how the result of a poll is announced.

None of these faults marred the BBC's last two Sunday night offerings – *The Magnificent Egoist*, an ambitious Cartier production of a play about Mirabeau by Hugh Ross Williamson, and *Another Man's Life*, a play with one of those bizarre plots – in this case, about a man who tries to drown himself and falls in love with the widow of the man who is drowned rescuing him. *Another Man's Life* may be taken as a fair average TV play. There was some good acting in it, notably by John Neville as the ex-suicide and Margaret Tyzack as the widow. But the production dragged badly, especially in the outdoor filmed sequences, and somebody should have been more ruthless with the dialogue. The adaptation was by a man, but from a play by a lady playwright taken in turn from a novel by a lady novelist; and, though these ladies rendered all too well the banal conversation of their lower-middle-class female characters, they could not cope with the talk of men with men. This defect led to such stilted exchanges as these:

Probation Officer: What in the name of all that's holy made you come here?

Simon Chart: Some kind of irresistible impulse, I suppose.

Or:

Chart: Give me a chance to prove myself . . .

Probation Officer: You're a queer fish, Chart . . . It's for you to say whether you're to sink or swim – sorry, an unfortunate metaphor!

Chart: I think it's time I learned to swim.

And, of course, there was that inevitable, jewelled snatch of dialogue, the modern English dramatist's substitute for an epigram:

Cigarette?
Thanks.

– two words which, in fact, are rarely uttered by male smokers. Where there are wit and a decent prose rhythm – in Congreve or Wilde – conversation can be artificial: in the humbler naturalistic drama, it ought to be natural.

TOM DRIBERG

Correspondence

INDUSTRY AND SOCIETY

SIR, – An Old Believer, I have always regarded Socialism as an alternative to capitalism, and public ownership of the means of production as the just and efficient antithesis of their private exploitation.

It was, therefore, with some surprise that I read the proposals in the Labour Party National Executive's document *Industry and Society* for the acquisition by the state of industrial shares. I am, of course, wholly in favour of the state nationalising a firm outright by purchasing its shares, and then setting it to act as a pilot for the rest of the industry. (I made this proposal myself for the motor industry some time ago.) But the reason why I object to the pallid suggestion that the state should acquire *some* shares in *some* companies as a partner of the private capitalist is given by the National Executive in its own pamphlet. '. . . Today it is clear that shareholders no longer exercise even indirect control over company management.' (P. 27.)

Is the National Executive really serious when it offers this caponised alternative to our traditional – or, if you prefer it, old-fashioned – Socialist faith?

I believe nationalisation, not necessarily as practised but certainly as preached, to be an essential Socialist doctrine. I hope the Labour Party Conference, matching the tolerant contempt with which the Tory press has greeted *Industry and Society*, will reject with a laugh and a boo the hotchpotch which the National Executive so self-flatteringly describes as 'Labour's Policy on Future Public Ownership'.

House of Commons, SW1 — MAURICE EDELMAN

THE SECRET PEOPLE OF OXFORD

SIR, – None of your correspondents seems to me to have noticed the most important deficiency of Mr Marquand's article. This, surely, is his determination to confuse the political apathy of the non-intellectual majority of the University with the frustration and bewilderment of that small minority which is worried by the question of how an intellectual can be a Socialist. It is this minority which Mr Marquand clearly represents and whose dilemma his article (which is therefore more of an autobiographical fragment than a diagnosis, but none the less useful for that) begins to exhibit.

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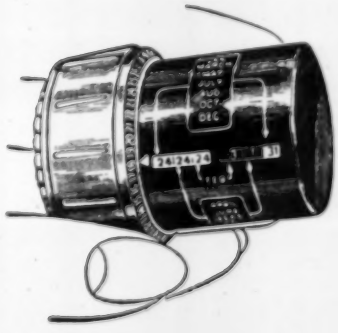

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The real question for the minority is what Socialism is now supposed to be about, and it is only indirectly that the 'intellectual climate' is important. The Welfare State which has spread political apathy both outside and inside this university has compelled the political intellectual to reconsider his position. Faced with the unambiguous brutality of Fascism and the plain barbarism of the pre-war capitalist economy his choices were not complicated or difficult, and the working-class was on his side. Today, looking beyond purely economic issues out of which the bottom has to all intents and purposes fallen, he is trying to define his attitude to the more subtle inhumanities of our society – the debasing effects of commercialism and cultural exploitation and the mass-values that the Labour Party is all the time falling over itself to appease; he has lost contact with the working-class, whose political interests now diverge from his own as a very result of these corrupting influences which he is educationally equipped to resist; he is searching for beliefs the intellectual credentials of which are far from clear. 'Intellectual Fascism' is an increasingly familiar cry, and few intellectuals can either attack or defend the Independent Television Authority without some qualms of uncertainty, or even, like Mr Amis see themselves 'explaining to an audience of dockers, say, just why homosexual relations between consenting adults should be freed from legal penalty'. Mr Marquand's dilemma is real enough, but he misrepresents it, especially when he speaks of reconciling 'the new attitude' with 'anything Socialism used to be about'.

'The new attitude,' the 'tough-minded' intellectual climate of Oxford, may reflect and even encourage this uncertainty; but only as long as it is allowed to. Linguistic philosophy, for example, cannot be anyone's intellectual strait-jacket (what *does* Mr Lloyd mean, when he speaks of leaving the defence of 'logical positivism' to the philosophers?); there is nothing inimical to Socialist doctrine about it – if there were would not Mr Marquand be wasting his and our time? – and the answer is not to abuse philosophy, as Lenin did and as Mr Marquand comes near to doing, but to understand it. The shortage of political fervour among those who teach in Oxford today is not the logical conclusion of the disciplines they teach but just another manifestation of the more general nation-wide apathy, the worse because of their (necessarily) greater remoteness from real political problems.

Magdalen College COLIN FALCK
Oxford

JOHN VICKERS

SIR, – We have always contended that the Royal Commission on Capital Punishment were right in their view that any system of degrees or grades of murder would result in so many indefensible anomalies that 'the real issue is now whether capital punishment should be retained or abolished'.

The first case of hanging under the Act shows clearly the absence of any moral basis for the Act. While the man of mature age who slowly poisons, or who rapes and then deliberately strangles a young girl, commits no capital offence, a young man of 22 who, not intending to kill, strikes with his hands blows described by the pathologist as 'moderate to light' is hanged.

I should be grateful if you would allow me to say that, knowing that such anomalies are inseparable from any fixed punishment for grades or degrees of murder, we shall continue the Campaign until capital punishment has been abolished.

GERALD GARDINER
Chairman
National Campaign for the Abolition of Capital Punishment.
10 Great Turnstile
WC1

SEEING WHAT IT'S LIKE

SIR, – Your admirable article on visits to Russia misses one vital point. Propaganda need not be wholly on the Soviet side. I took part in a university exchange visit to Russia last year and I found that almost all the members of the British party were just as anxious to vindicate western policies and the western way of life in their conversations with Russian students as the Russians were to explain their own point of view to us. Many of the things we said seemed to make a considerable impression on them. It seems a pity that the suspicion of Communism or fellow-travelling should still attach to western visitors to Russia; Russians are still firmly of the belief that the Iron Curtain was made by us, and it should be our task to demonstrate to them the falsity of this piece of propaganda at least.

Furthermore the British government should give some consideration to the subsidising of the few visits which Russians make to Britain. When we visited Russia, 25 Russian students came to England in exchange. We were accommodated in luxury hotels throughout our stay in Russia, but owing to lack of money the Russian students who came here were accommodated in second-rate student hostels. This was a foolish economy and was the cause of a rather unfavourable impression of British life on the part of the Russian students. After all, we have much to offer; let us not be too parsimonious to offer it. Propaganda of this sort may well pay excellent dividends in the future.

K. BUTTERFIELD
Oxford & Cambridge University Club
SW1

SIR, – As one of the 30,000 young people on their way to the International Festival of Youth and Students in Moscow this week I should like to comment on the official attitude of disapproval shown by the British and American governments. Nothing could have been of greater help to the Communist cause. To the satellite states, to the 'gormless neutrals' and to the Russian people themselves this disapproval would point to one thing only—a lack of faith by the western world in its own way of life.

Does the British government fear that its own young people, brought up in an environment of free speech and personal liberty, have their critical faculties so undeveloped that they will swallow all the propaganda that the Soviet authorities may put over?

If the Foreign Secretary has so real a fear of the power of Soviet propaganda on our young people, I would suggest an effective remedy. Let him send us off to Moscow with his blessing – and with an invitation to all the other students we shall meet there. Come to a British Festival for Peace and Friendship! No doubt the accusations made by the British government in respect of the Russian festival would be directed back at us – as 'intending to exploit young people for the purposes of international *capitalist* propaganda'. But does not any host 'put on a show' for his guests? The western democracies should have the courage of their convictions.

VALERIE CHURCH
20a Abington Park Crescent
Northampton

TOO MUCH OR TOO MANY?

SIR, – The juxtaposition, last week, of Nigel Harvey's 'Too Much, Too Soon' and J. B. Priestley's 'But Far Too Many People' will not have escaped your perspicacious readers. Of course, there are too many people – not globally, but locally. Of course, there is technological abundance in the western hemisphere, which accounts for the FAO statistics which show that, *per capita*, there are enough calories for the world's people. But unfortunately we are concerned (or should be) not with heads but with stomachs, and there are plenty of empty ones. Why? Because poverty cannot buy the technological advantages of the prosperous West and, if you condemn people to live like animals, they will tend to breed like animals. Like J. B. Priestley, I do not like to see humanity's multiplying millions jostling and crowding in a hungry queue. I would like to see family planning encouraged everywhere. But surely it is the height of cynicism to condone the restriction of production and the curtailment of arable acreages. Certainly there is a case for 'resting' soil with dust-bowl propensities, but the US 'Soil Bank' is not as discriminating as that.

We are now in the absurd situation which was foreseen when Lord Boyd-Orr proposed his World Food Board. It was conceived, under the threat of famine in 1946 when there was an overall food shortage, but it was obvious (and American farmers were vigorous sponsors of Boyd-Orr's scheme) that presently there would be farm-surpluses in North America and elsewhere. The plan was to 'put a floor and ceiling' to food prices, so that the farmers could get a fair return and consumers could have price-safeguards: the FAO was to budget the annual food needs and any natural surpluses (e.g., the gluts from bumper harvests) would be stored not in farm silos and Nissen huts, but in 'Joseph's Granaries' – international depots to meet the world's emergencies. No one suggested, or suggests, that the impoverished countries should live on perpetual relief, but until an enlightened world can help them to increase their own agricultural production, surely American surpluses are better disposed in the stomachs of the hungry than in hulks of Liberty ships.

RITCHIE CALDER

STRUGGLE FOR THE MIDDLE EAST

SIR, – Mr Paul Johnson's article on the Middle East in your issue of the 6 July contains some references to Iraq which I feel need some comment. Mr Johnson says 'The Arabs destroyed the ancient irrigation system [of Iraq]'. This is surprising, as it is well known that it was the Mongols and not the Arabs who did the destruction. Then Mr Johnson goes on to suggest that Nuri Pasha el Said joined the Arab cause 'mainly because the Turks would not give him promotion'. Nuri Said at the time was still

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at the Staff College in Istanbul, when promotion was simply not in question.

Further, Mr Johnson mentions that he has seen people who claimed to have been tortured in the prisons of Iraq. This is the first time that the Iraqi authorities have been seriously accused of employing torture. People who made such allegations to Mr Johnson might have been asked to produce more specific evidence to sustain this charge. Mr Johnson states that estimates of the number of people in detention in Iraq vary between 'Nuri's own estimate of 44 up to 10,000'. If Mr Johnson doubted the word of the Premier he could surely have taken some trouble to arrive at a reasonably precise figure.

Mr Johnson's censure of the present Iraqi parliament seems unduly harsh and unmerited. This parliament was not recruited, but properly elected in 1954 under the prevailing Iraqi electoral law. As regards the distribution of agricultural land, Mr Johnson complains that only 10,000 families have so far benefited. It will be appreciated that it will take some years to reclaim large areas of fallow land before they are fit for distribution to smallholders. Lastly, Mr Johnson suggests that in a few years time the Iraqi government 'may be forced to . . . resettle the Palestinian refugees'. One would like to ask who is going to force Iraq to do this?

TARIK AL ASKARI
Chargé d'Affaires, a.i.

Iraqi Embassy
21 Queen's Gate SW7

SIR,—I had the pleasure of welcoming to my home Mr Paul Johnson and of discussing for over an hour with him, as objectively as I could, the political situation in Iraq.

On reading Mr Johnson's article in the NEW STATESMAN of 6 July 1957, I found that, in referring to me, he had made errors both personal and political. I never uttered in our conversation such a word as 'savage' as applied to ex-Prime Minister Nuri es-Said. Neither is he a Turk, although I have the greatest admiration for the Turkish people. H. E. Nuri es-Said is a refined and charming Arab for whose person I cherish a great respect.

As for the political views that Mr Johnson attributed to me, I never mentioned the oil royalties, or a show-down with Israel, and I never said 'Why don't the British force Nuri to go?' The language and thought Mr Johnson has attributed to me do not accurately reflect my conversation with him. Of all the reports of scores of interviews that I have given in recent years to serious and responsible reporters of international reputation, this is the first that I have had to contradict.

MOHAMMED FADHEL JAMALI
Member of Parliament

Baghdad

[Paul Johnson writes: 'I regret that Dr Jamali's recollection of our conversation appears to differ from mine, as recorded in my notes. He expressed his views with some freedom and, since he did not insist that they be regarded as private and off-the-record, I felt at liberty to reproduce them in my article. If they have subsequently caused him some embarrassment I am extremely sorry.'—ED., *N.S.*]

MELOUZA MASSACRE

SIR,—Though one has every sympathy with the Press Counsellor of the French Embassy in his difficult job of explaining the contradictory statements issued by his government on the subject of Algeria, his letter in your issue of 13 July is really too outrageous not to provoke a reply.

(1) The facts of the so-called 'Melouza massacre' (which took place some miles from Melouza) are anything but well-established. One of the few things that seem certain is that the massacre took place on the Tuesday-Wednesday night, yet it was not until after Thursday that journalists visited the site, and it is certainly not true that all journalists are agreed that the responsibility rests with the F.L.N. The first rule in crime detection is to decide who profited by the crime.

(2) M. Thibault finds 'simply unbelievable' the statement that many cases of wholesale murder of Algerians by French troops have been reported by newspapers. Now that is simply silly. For about a year now (ever since the recalled soldiers have been returning to France after their service in Algeria) several newspapers, including *Témoignage Chrétien* and *France-Observateur*, as well as *L'Express*, have been reporting such incidents and demanding that the government should take strong steps against the soldiers concerned. The usual action taken by the government in reply to such articles has been to seize the whole issue of the journal concerned and to prosecute the journalists, without however being able to disprove the truth of what has been printed.

The case of six of my friends—two Moslem and four French—who were tortured by the parachutists in Algiers was reported to the appropriate authorities some months ago, but absolutely nothing has been done about it.

It is true that, after much pressure, the government did set up a 'Commission of Safeguard', but with such restricted powers and resources that it has so far been completely ineffective. Also a large number of the 'independent and authoritative persons' invited to become part of this committee refused to have anything to do with it, believing that it would be turned into a mere whitewashing machine.

Perhaps M. Thibault would like to give us some more information. For instance, would he tell us how many people, of which race and of what age, are at present under arrest in Algeria? And what crimes are they charged with? And how many have died since being arrested? How many Algerians are presumed to support the rebellion? What are the total casualties on both sides since, say, the beginning of 1956? Which newspapers is it now possible to obtain in Algiers and why all the others are banned?

As I am returning to France very shortly I must ask you not to reveal my name or address. Perhaps that is the saddest commentary on the present state of affairs in France, that one no longer feels safe in speaking the truth.

TÉMOIGNE

SIR,—It is not without a feeling of sad astonishment that I read your poor and embarrassed answer to the corrections the French Press Counsellor brought to the inaccurate statements so commonly to be found in NEW STATESMAN about the events in Algeria. Should one wonder at so gross misinterpretation, as your 'anonymous correspondent' seems to derive *all* his information from *le Monde* (which you consider as 'the most reliable French newspaper', whereas its sham objectivity is but a decent, respectable cover for an insinuating and skilful type of defeatism) and *l'Observateur*, *Témoignage Chrétien*, *l'Express*, and the like, which are more or less avowed Parisian offices of the National Liberation Front,

I should advise the readers and editorial staff of the NEW STATESMAN to improve their information on Algerian affairs by reading, among others, the following publications that might somewhat alter their fond sympathy for poor Maître Pereyga:

(1) *L'Algérie Médicale*, the official bulletin of the medical society of the hospitals of Algiers and the federation of medical sciences in North Africa, has lately published a special issue (obtainable at No. 3 Rue Pelissier, Alger) on "Criminal Mutilations in Algeria," abundantly supported by photographic evidences which are the most irrefutable and appalling charge against the extraordinary cruelty of the Fellagha rebels, as well as a hint of what would happen in Algeria should the French rule be abolished.

(2) *Le mouvement universitaire pour le maintien de la souveraineté française en Algérie* (University movement for the maintenance of the French rule in Algeria) is an association grouping primary and secondary teachers as well as university lecturers and professors, that issues a periodical review largely furnished with exhaustive studies on Algerian problems written by specialists. Its aim is to acquaint the French intellectual public with problems they generally have but a superficial and rhetorical knowledge of. It may be obtained from the General Secretary, Monsieur P. Müller, 67 Boulevard du Télemly, Algiers.

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(3) The weekly paper *la Nation Française* has published these two years very remarkable articles by Monsieur Jean Brune from Algiers which are most thorough refutations of the assertions of MM. Servan-Schreiber, Claude Bourdet, Mandouze, etc. The office of *La Nation Française* is 7 Rue Cadet, Paris 9eme.

FRANCOIS NATTER

Oxford.

ACCENTS

SIR,—In the seventh paragraph of 'But Far Too Many People', I wrote—or thought I wrote—'Christianity is too *cosy* a scheme' and not 'too *coy* a scheme'. But it serves me right for being too lazy to read proofs.

On the other hand, the letter about accents from Mr D. R. Howell does not serve me right. Why should he mistrust me because I use the accent—and a very good accent, too, as I pointed out—of the region in which I was born and brought up? And what on earth does he mean by 'In fact he is a sophisticated man of the world, surrounded by the external trappings and la-di-dah of the bourgeois way of life which, in the manner of the 19th-century *avant-garde*, he affects to despise'? I am still feeling dazed, unable to enjoy the surrounding la-di-dah. True, if I ever belonged to an *avant-garde* it would be 19th century—probably about 1880. But when and where did I ever affect to despise the bourgeois way of life? Most of the artists and works of art I care most about came neither from the aristocracy nor the peasantry but from the urban middle-classes, the bourgeois to which I belong. Now mistrust me even more and put me among the 18th-century *avant-garde*.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

SIR,—It would be very interesting if we all, as Mr Priestley suggests, talked with regional accents: but how are these to be acquired by those brought up without one? Are they easy to learn, and are there courses in them? Would Mr Priestley advise Yorkshire, Manchester, Cockney, or Mummerzet, or what? And might we not sound a little affected and self-conscious, and less at our ease than when talking 'natural'? I feel that we might be despised, and even derided, by those born and bred to our chosen accent. Still, it might be worth it, and it would be entertaining to observe how other people got on with theirs.

ROSE MACAULAY

WIRE-TAPPING

SIR,—I am in entire sympathy with Mr. A. J. P. Taylor's views on wire-tapping, but I would disagree with his suggestion that a 'John Wilkes of our day' would, if he brought the matter to court, hear a judgment similar to Lord Camden's in *Entick v. Carrington*. In that case the plaintiff successfully sued the King's Messenger for trespass. A modern victim of wire-tapping bringing a civil action would be met by Section 9(1) of the Crown Proceedings Act, 1947, which provides that '. . . no proceedings in tort shall lie against the Crown . . . or agent of the Crown . . . for anything done or omitted to be done in relation to a telephonic communication . . .'

The error is a small one, but it shows how very much more we prefer to be ruled by law than by politics, which seem to be the only defence available here.

CHARLES FRIED

Wadham College
Oxford

FATHER AND SON

SIR,—As an abolitionist I find myself rather shaken after reading Mr C. H. Rolph's presentation of the evidence for abolition in his review of *Father and Son*. On what grounds does he presume that Bentley came from 'decent parents and a comfortable home'? Anyone who depends for his attitude to juvenile delinquents, not on middle-class feelings of guilt, but on direct experience, as I for instance (being a teacher) do, knows that boys like that do not normally come from 'decent parents and a comfortable home'; and, if Bentley's case is an exception, Mr Rolph should make it clear with chapter and verse. One also knows from experience that 'the first brush with the law' is not by any means necessarily the first brush with crime in the case of these boys, and that as a rule their parents always protect them and deny their misdemeanours, as well as ignore complaints against them by neighbours—until they get into real trouble. Then the whining starts; and people like Mr Rolph who have never, like their victims, had to suffer from the persistent loutishness of such boys, can let themselves go in thoughtless pity. What, one simply has to ask, was a boy who came from 'decent parents and a comfortable home' doing marauding the streets with a gunman? Do decent parents with a comfortable home produce that kind of a child ever? I have never known of a case. Hanging that boy was an act of motiveless revenge, but we simply have to avoid wrapping up a good case in a fog of sentimentality.

IRIS BEEDON

Chipping Norton

CONGRATULATIONS

SIR,—It may interest Mr J. P. W. Mallalieu to learn that the Queen's message of congratulations to the *Sunday Times* was not the first of its kind. Earlier this year, *Baner ac Amserau Cymru* (The Banner and Times of Wales) printed a similar message when it celebrated the centenary of *Baner Cymru*.

Since this premier national Welsh newspaper has during its century consistently urged Radical views, even including at one time, articles favouring republicanism, and during the last war came near to being banned, there is no reason at all to think that the *Daily Worker* and *Tribune* will be refused the same privilege . . . if they seek it.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Dickens at Work

WHAT did Dostoevsky feel when he took into his hands the first bound volume of *The Brothers Karamazov*? Did he appear to be brooding over that great and mysterious masterpiece? He did not. What he actually did was to give the volume to a friend standing by, and say, with simple satisfaction: 'Feel it. It weighs two pounds.' The fact is, the writers of the most demoniac works of genius have to plan them, write them, publish them, just like anyone else; it is the demoniac works into which we most need the technical insights, if we are to get them into any sort of proportion at all. *Little Dorrit*, *Our Mutual Friend*, *Bleak House*, are lesser works than *Karamazov*, but they are among the few in English which can remotely stand the comparison; they become more puzzling, and in some ways deeper, the more one reads them; no novels that I know of would repay technical examination more, or are more likely to be misjudged until a certain amount of technical ground has been cleared.

That is why Mr John Butt and Mrs Kathleen Tillotson are public benefactors. As they say in the introduction to *Dickens at Work**, the study of Dickens has not got beyond the phase which Shakespearean studies reached a hundred years ago; the textual apparatus hardly exists, and despite a scholarly biography and some stabs at interpretation, the serious criticism has not yet begun. Their own work, which is limited and precise, does not fill this gap; all they would claim is that they have made it possible for someone else to start. This they have done by carrying out an examination of Dickens's working methods – working methods in the hard, practical, bread-and-butter sense, just as a writer knows them to himself. They have confined themselves to eight books (*Sketches by Boz*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*), choosing them to illustrate different aspects of literary logistics. The authors do not have much to say about Dickens's verbal methods; they do not make many general comments, though such as they do make are sensible, and sometimes more than that. Essentially they have set themselves the job of illustrating how, in his plans, in his rough notes, Dickens set to work to design and put on paper such a novel as *Dombey and Son*.

There are several surprises. To those brought up to believe that the conscious æsthetic of the novel began with Flaubert and Henry James, it will be a little startling to see how technically sophisticated Dickens and his contemporaries were. They were not primitives – in fact, only an ass could ever have thought they were. They talked about techniques as intently as their successors, though in a tone more businesslike, freer from anxiety and from the hieratic clearing of the throat. They often used different technical terms – Dickens, for example, said 'emblem' where we should say 'symbol'. And, of course, they were coping with a different set of practical conditions, above all serial publication.

The surprise here is not that Dickens had to cope with these conditions, but that he invented them. Before *Pickwick*, novelists of standing had published only in the form of three- or four-deckers, high-priced volumes which could reach no one but the tiny public of the circulating libraries. Partly by chance, partly because he was sensitive to the much bigger literate public which was springing up, Dickens changed all that. No doubt monthly parts and magazine serials would have come in anyway: they were really a product of the new industrial age, they were called for by the emergent middle classes all over Europe: but Dickens got there first, very much as a contemporary writer with similar social antennæ might suddenly break through on TV. Not one of his novels made its first appearance unique and whole. Nearly all were published in twenty monthly parts, of about 14,000 words to the part, with a double number at the end.

All through these serial publications, he was writing not more than three instalments, and usually less, ahead of the printer. Like nearly all the great demoniac novelists, his routine of work was orderly in the extreme. He was not so old-maidishly tidy as Dostoevsky, who required every document to be in place, but sat down each morning from nine to lunch-time, turning out his thousand to fifteen hundred words. One ought to remember that serial publication meant for the writer a time-table almost as exact, and a life almost as tied, as a journalist's. It was this method of composition that he imposed on his contemporaries. With singular unanimity, they all hated it. Thackeray grumbled; Dostoevsky muttered; Trollope said, 'An artist should keep in his hands the power of fitting the beginning of his work to the end'. But Dickens loved it.

It is easy to see why. No great writer has ever had a more histrionic temperament. He needed to feel his impact on his audience and to gather back their applause, their love, and most of all their thrill, very much as an actor does. Yet he was at the same time a man of acute artistic perception, setting himself, as in *Little Dorrit* and *Our Mutual Friend*, to write novels of a kind of complexity which has not since been approached in this country. How did he think, with the procedure he had chosen, he could manage it? What difference did the procedure make?

Mr Butt and Mrs Tillotson have now given us at least the beginning of an answer to the first question. To begin with, he improvised. He was a natural writer, and in *Pickwick* he could get away with anything. But in his early thirties he gave up improvising and came to grips with his art. The authors quote from a letter written to Forster just after *Dombey and Son* had been begun: and they include the cover-designs for both *Dombey and Son* and *Little Dorrit*, prepared by Hablot Brown before a word was written of either, prepared according to Dickens's instructions. This evidence proves once and for all that he had, right from the beginning, the whole conception of each book in his head. It becomes clear that one of Dickens's greatest gifts was to brood over, organise, and hold in his mind not only a mass of novelist's material, but also the thematic structure by which the material could be expressed. I believe now, after reading Mr Butt and Mrs Tillotson, that this grasp of complex material, a grasp both passionate and articulated, was perhaps his most unusual gift. Nearly all his creative torment, the miles he walked at night round London or Genoa, went into getting the whole idea of a novel into his mind, establishing what he called 'a mastery over the first design'. When that was done, the rest was easier; the design was fixed, and in fundamentals none of the frets or temptations of serial publication could make him alter it. In fact, studying his working-notes for a novel, part by part and chapter by chapter, one would not find it easy to distinguish them from those of a contemporary; the themes are introduced, the characters are sketched in, the climaxes fall into place, as if the book were being drafted as a whole.

Nevertheless there were, even with a master-design in control, a good many irritations and weaknesses inherent in the method, which Dickens knew well enough, and at least one danger that he does not seem to have known at all. Most of the irritations he bore with patience; as in his profound personal crises, he seems to have been patient and controlled in a way which did not really fit his character until, without warning even to himself, the control snapped. So, quite humbly, he was willing each month to trim his copy to the exact length – either by cutting 'over-matter' or by adding a bit extra to fill out the page. That did not worry him; nor did the pressure to alter the book in detail, as people breathed down his neck while he wrote it. After each part came out, he received instructions and advice about the story. Sometimes, though not often, such an intervention made him hesitate – '21 December, '47. Note from Jeffrey this morning, who won't believe (positively refuses) that Edith is Carker's mistress'. Dickens dithered: he had been in two minds himself; after consulting Forster he wrote in his working notes – 'Edith *not* his mistress'. But he was an obstinate man as well as a confident artist; he did not alter much through direct pressure; he did not experience any of the discomfort of Dostoevsky, who after publishing 'The Dream of the Holy Inquisitor' received a note from the Chancellor Pobedonostsev, bleakly hoping that these views would be convincingly rebutted in the next instalment. No, the effect of his audience on Dickens was more insidious, and the price his art paid on account of his chosen method is not so easy to work out.

To some extent he gained by it. He gained from it not only his own sense of *rapport*, very important to keep a writer of his type going, but also in his judgments as to which of his characters and scenes were dead. All novels, even the best of them, have useless patches: I can think of plenty of contemporary novelists who would have gained more than they lost by serial publication. The trouble was, Dickens needed that corrective less than most novelists, and at the same time, probably unknown to himself, was

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* *Dickens at Work*. By JOHN BUTT and KATHLEEN TILLOTSON. *Methuen*. 25s.

‡ *Mrs. Gamp*. *Facsimile of prompt copy*. Ed. JOHN D. GORDAN. *New York Public Library*. $6.

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HEINEMANN

encouraged by his audience into his greatest fault. He was not only an actor, but a mimic; and mimicry is a curiously treacherous gift to a writer. The danger is, it is too satisfying; it is too satisfying even when there is no audience: it gives one the slightly inflated feeling that there is nothing left to say. The inflation gets more balloon-like when there is an audience; one forgets about people one can't imitate, one concentrates on the mimicries that come off, and with those one is happy repeating the turn. To that extent, and partly because of the serial method, Dickens was like a mimic in a bar. As Frank O'Connor says in *The Mirror in the Roadway*, there is 'a flight to the periphery of the story', where he is happy with the characters which, he knows from trial and error, he can mimic without thought and make his audience respond.

That is true. It was a defect both of temperament and art, enhanced by the method. It would have made it impossible for him to carry out a deeply scientific psychological study like that of Mr Crawley: and people looking for that kind of depth turn away from Dickens, disappointed.

But there are other kinds of depth, and they ought to keep Dickensian critics busy for years now that Mr Butt and Mrs Tillotson have done their job. What is needed to follow their work is a serious piece of close analysis. If ever a corpus of work lay open, and open with profit, to the 'new' criticism, Dickens's does now. For a good many reasons, but chiefly for the simple one, that he was far and away the best writer, in the narrowest sense of the word, of all the nineteenth-century English novelists. He was not an investigatory psychologist, as Trollope was, nor a moral one, like George Eliot: but they lacked high verbal gifts, while his were astonishing. His own care in textual revision, much more precise and sharp in taste than that of his contemporaries, gives plenty of clues straight away. One can see his verbal accuracy even in the version of Sarah Gamp from which he gave his reading, reconstructed in a fine piece of esoteric minor scholarship by John D. Gordan‡. It seems pretty certain that the next step in Dickens criticism will be taken by someone really looking at the words.

C. P. SNOW

A Roman Window

After the griefs of night,
Over the doors of day,
Here by this window-sill
I watch the climbing light
As early footsteps steal
Enormous shadows away.

Tenderly from this height
I feel compassion come –
People pestered by hours,
The morning swung to sight
As all the city stirs
And trembles in my room.

So from a stance of calm,
A stepping out of sleep,
My shadow once again
Disperses in the warm
Day with its lives more deep
Than any pleasure or pain.

ELIZABETH JENNINGS

Paradise Lost

Bitter Lemons. By LAWRENCE DURRELL. *Faber*. 16*s*.

Lawrence Durrell is the only public relations officer I can recall giving me red wine and talking about poetry over a wood fire. That is how I recall an evening with him in Cyprus at the beginning of 1956. That was before things had passed the point of no return, before the hanging of Karaolis, murderer and martyr (two sides of the British-Cypriot coin). It was before Durrell was sure that he could not remain working with Sir John Harding, in spite of his admiration for him as a personality and soldier; before he knew that he could not return to live in the house he had built with such passionate joy in Bellapaix; before his demi-paradise of love and friendship had been transformed into the saddest and most reluctant inferno of suspicion and murder.

Government service was not in Durrell's mind when he went to Cyprus. He had lived on Rhodes and Corfu, and written books about them. He talked not only the tongue of the peasants, but their idiom. He found in Cyprus the same deep and loyal friendship, the same breath-taking beauty. He writes as an artist, as well as a poet; he remembers colour and landscape and the nuances of peasant conversation. The uproarious story of how he bought his house is told with a humour and an understanding of the villagers that will ensure its place in future anthologies.

Durrell taught the village children because he had to pay his bills for wine and bread. He was at first fairly optimistic about the gathering Enosis propaganda if only the 'potterers' of the Foreign Office understood how to deal with Greeks! If only our officials would give up thinking of the Cypriots as Cyps, who, after all, were no fighters and easy to suppress; if only they would realise that when Greece endorsed the plea for Enosis it became an international, no longer a colonial problem! At first Durrell believed his own technique with Greek bad temper would work. He tried it successfully. Threatened and abused by a man with a knife, he walked up to him and embraced him, saying, 'Neighbour, I have come to live with you. I know what Greek hospitality is. I want you to know that I am always ready to be of service to my neighbour. I have heard praise of you everywhere in the village as a fine honest farmer.' The enemy was routed.

At this period, even the rioting seemed only a game of cops and robbers. These were the boys and girls he taught who attacked the police; 'the Girls' Sixth, led by Aphrodite, charging across the bridge to pelt the police with Coca-Cola bottles . . .' But it was not long before he talked to two of these children in gaol, now throwers, not of Coca-Cola, but of bombs, one of them bitterly shamefaced, not because he had a bomb to throw, but because he had been too much of a 'coward' to obey orders and kill children with it. Durrell became terribly alarmed when the Foreign Office 'refused to substitute the word "postpone" for "closed" upon the Cyprus file'. Could our Establishment not see, as his Cypriot friends kept telling him, that though the actuality of Enosis might be most unpleasant, yet many would die and kill for it if it were denied to them. He develops the thesis that the British have never understood Enosis, because they have cherished a romantic Greco-Roman view of Greece, forgetting that the roots of the Greek world today are not to be found in the Athens of Pericles, but in the eleven hundred years in which Greece was part of Byzantium. This historically explains the

assumption, unintelligible to the West, that Church and State are one, that the Archbishop must also be the political representative, that the real enemy is the Turk from whom the freedom-loving British rescued the people of Greece. The underlying theme of the whole book is the deep attachment of the Cypriot Greeks to England; 'there is nothing anti-English in Enosis' is the repeated refrain of the peasants. Durrell conveys their incredulous horror, turning finally into murderous hate, as they become convinced that the British will allow a Turkish veto to destroy their friendship.

In the chapter which is in itself a poem, Durrell describes going back to the village where he had been happy, and spending the day with his friend, Panos, among the flowering hibiscus and oleanders, picking great handfuls of wild cyclamen and trying not to talk politics. Panos was murdered by Cypriot terrorists soon after. Had he been too friendly with Durrell? Had he been overheard to say that the British had a good legal title to the island and that, since Karaolis was a murderer, it was right that he should hang? He had also said:

> 'But it is not Karaolis only who will be hanged; the deep bond between us will have been broken finally'. What he meant, I reflected, was that the image – the mythopœic image of the Englishman which every Greek carried in his heart, and which was composed of so many fused and overlapping pictures – the poet, the lord, the quixotic and fearless defender of right, the just and freedom-loving Englishman – the image was at last thrown down and dashed into a thousand pieces, never again to be reassembled. In a paradoxical sort of way they were mourning, not Karaolis, but England.

Durrell is not a politician. A loyal government servant, he makes the best case he can for the British. Saying goodbye to Harding, he had no reply to the Governor's request for criticism. 'What could I tell him? The very decisions which were operationally necessary to the present situation were political lunacy for whatever must follow from the present. . . . We had all of us been made the clowns of shortsightedness at home, for now military solutions precluded the political . . . I could not help reflecting what a sad waste of money and reputations the whole problem had been; and if the peace could only be kept with the help of twelve thousand men, what security could the island enjoy as a base?' It was a taxi-driver at the end, who said 'Yes, even Dighenis, though he fights the British, really loves them. But he will have to go on killing them – with regret, even with affection'. After which, I have nothing more to add about this profoundly beautiful book except that, eschewing politics, it says more about them than all our leading articles and that in describing a political tragedy, it often has great poetic beauty.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Hors d'Oeuvre

The Fine Art of Reading. By LORD DAVID CECIL. *Constable.* 18*s.*

Lord David Cecil's new book raises sharply the whole question of the nature and state of literary criticism in our time. It consists of a handful of essays – some based on lectures and broadcast talks – on Shakespearean comedy, the tragedies of Ford, the forms of English fiction, Jane Austen, Conrad, the stories of de la Mare, some women letter-writers, Hazlitt and Pater, together with the title-piece, the author's inaugural lecture as Goldsmiths' Professor of English at Oxford, which expresses the point of view informing the whole. It is an old-fashioned one, and Lord David is consciously writing against the times and the trends. His master is Pater, who 'combined the two qualities essential to critical appreciation – common sense and uncommon sensibility'. The word to note is 'appreciation'. Contemporary criticism is often crabbed, dogmatic or ill-written, placarded with 'Keep out' signs addressed to the common reader; contemporary criticism often seems to suggest that the main function of the poet is to provide teasers for the Yale Graduate School. Here is a critic more humane and civilised, who will lead us back to the fine enthusiasm of Saintsbury, Raleigh and 'Q', the giants before the flood.

That is what one would like to be able to say. Unfortunately, it is not so simple. In these essays Lord David Cecil, it seems to me, stresses one aspect of writing to the virtual exclusion of all others. The warning comes on the second page:

> . . . the artist's first aim is not truth but delight. Even when, like Spenser, he wishes to instruct, he does so by delighting. It follows that the primary object of a student of literature is to be delighted. His duty is to enjoy himself: his efforts should be directed to developing his faculty of appreciation.

Now it may very well be that this aspect of writing is too much neglected by critics today; and 'artist', as applied to writers, is a question-begging word. Yet it seems as plain to me as the converse obviously does to Lord David that the writer's – the poet's, the novelist's – first aim is not delight but truth; or at any rate, that the greatest poets and novelists of the past century and a half have thought so. Nor have the poets and novelists been alone in this. Arnold, in his capacity of critic, believed that 'most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry'; in our own time, I. A. Richards has expressed a similar view; and although T. S. Eliot has reacted sharply against it, he is probably no better satisfied by his description of poetry as 'a superior amusement' than anyone else has been.

This changed attitude towards literature on the part of writers and readers alike may mean that we ask of poetry and fiction a significance that is really beyond them. That is arguable, but certainly it has brought with it a new seriousness of approach – or, rather, since seriousness has never been lacking, new kinds of seriousness. Eliot's 'superior amusement' was in a way an admission of defeat at the possibility of defining the function of poetry. What is significant is that Eliot's description is followed in the next paragraph by the words, 'We can only say that a poem, in some sense, has its own life'. They were written in 1920 and in them, surely, we have the germ of the specifically modern movement called the 'New Criticism'. The 'New Criticism' is constantly being attacked, sometimes for good reasons, generally for bad; and it is obvious that the critical techniques its practitioners have devised, when used by critics who lack 'common sense and uncommon sensibility', can be disastrous. What is important is that the 'New Criticism' has its origins in the insights of poets themselves into the nature and life of poems, the insights of Eliot, Ransom, Graves, Laura Riding, Tate and Empson.

The 'New Criticism', of course, is only one part of the revolution in criticism of our time. Wilson, Matthiessen and Trilling, to take three obvious names, are not 'New Critics', but they and others have all availed themselves of specifically modern techniques, from anthropology, depth pyschology, Marxism and sociology, in order to reinforce their common sense and uncommon sensibility in the presence of literature. Nor can it be argued that the criticism that has resulted has been less humane or less civilised than that of the old appreciative critics.

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For Lord David Cecil the revolution in criticism might never have occurred. This has not prevented him from being, on his day, a very good critic indeed: *Hardy the Novelist* is an admirable book, and his essay on E. M. Forster, in *Poets and Story-Tellers*, is first-rate. Yet by comparison with the best modern criticism, and with the best criticism in the old appreciative way, *The Fine Art of Reading* appears thin and slight. As criticism in any real sense of the word, as criticism that deepens our insights and reveals what we had not previously seen, I feel it comes to life only in the essay on Ford and in the brief *Note on Jane Austen's Scenery*. Lord David appreciates all right; but reading his essays, I was haunted by the tags and phrases used by the great scholar who was my Professor of English to deck out the history of English literature as he presented it to us twice a week for three years. William Browne of Tavistock, one recalls, was 'not without a certain charm of his own'. We were all content to leave it at that. Webster's speciality was 'keen psychological insight into perverse modes of feeling'. Hundreds of others were 'not without' – our great man could rarely bring himself to say 'had' – 'a profound knowledge of the human heart'. The grand procession of English literature passed before us. No one was left out, and each bore clutched to his bosom the descriptive caption that summed him up and killed him.

Lord David Cecil, of course, is much less jejune than this, and his taste is not jaded. But too often he is content with mere description when what is wanted is analysis; so much so that it is difficult to understand for whom some of these essays are intended. The longest is on Shakespearean comedy, and all one can say of it is that it would be a highly suitable introduction for schoolboys reading *As You Like It* or *Twelfth Night* for the first time. And in his descriptions, he tends to lean heavily on the grand old 64,000-dollar words that are seldom defined – 'The Good, the True and the Beautiful: These are the things that pay'.

In this book, Lord David's responses to literature strike me as too easy, and too slackly expressed. And there is another thing. He has his theory of the writer's 'creative range': 'only to a certain amount of what he sees and hears will he respond strongly enough for his record of it to be coloured and energised by his individual vitality'. In his practice as a critic, Lord David seems to be confined within a similar critical range. Saintsbury remains exhilarating because of the sense one has of enormous appetite; like Wilson today, he is always ready to take on any book, any writer. The appetite grows by what it feeds on, and the appreciation is truly catholic. By comparison, Lord David Cecil nibbles at the *hors d'œuvre* and toys with the fish. He gives up before he gets to the main body of the meal.

WALTER ALLEN

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Où sont les Mouvements d'Antan?

Indigo Days. By JULIAN TREVELYAN. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 18*s.*

'I am an explorer and I have been in search of sight.' With these words Julian Trevelyan, topee on head, blind man's stick in hand, tapped his way into a party for Magritte in the aftermath of the 1936 Surrealist Exhibition; and they can stand for his own experience in finding himself as a painter. Rocketing from movement to movement through the Thirties, from place to place, he was always in search of his own vision, and of the framework of life in which he could best realise it. Involved in Cambridge, surrealism, Mass Observation, the Army, he was all the time conducting a one-man liberation movement.

What made it a complex and protracted operation was that the people he was liberating himself from were anything but enemies. There was his family – kindly, enlightened, but with a firmly literary approach to experience; there was Cambridge, and intoxicating draughts of literary experiment, with *Venture* manned by Anthony Blunt, Michael Redgrave and Julian Bell, *Experiment* by William Empson, Richard Eberhart, Kathleen Raine and Bronowski, 'a dynamic gnome who cheerfully ordered our lives for us'. There were theories of art, but nobody much used their eyes on the world around them; so he was off to Montparnasse, at last to learn to paint – first under Léger and Ozenfant, then in Hayter's engraving school. It was an orgy of friends, of parties (for one, he was made to dress in a hollowed-out cabbage and a pair of stays) and of styles – 'now oriental, now expressionist, now streaked with the current vocabulary of surrealist monstrosities'. When he returned, London, even after this, was not too tame, for these were the years of the Seven and Five and Unit One, of the Objective Abstractionists (later, Euston Road), of *Axis* and *Art Now*, of the Surrealist Exhibition with the fur tea-set and Dali lecturing in a diving suit, flanked by two enormous white borzois. Julian Trevelyan was in the exhibition, an official surrealist, on the strength of his mythological paintings of cities, 'fragile structures carrying here and there a few waif-like inhabitants', which drew from Ozenfant the comment *'Ca manque un peu de rosbif'*. The next involvement, with Mass Observation, replaced these dream tenements by the real houses of Bolton, of which he dutifully made *collages* at Tom Harrisson's orders. But liberation was at hand; among the smoky kilns of the Potteries he closed the gap between the painting he wanted to do, and the painting he felt he ought to:

> I found that I was painting, almost for the first time, with the whole of myself. Those pictures of the Potteries were inadequate in many ways, but they were painted at a white heat, and I troubled myself no longer to think of what Humphrey Jennings, or Bill Hayter, or Tom Harrisson would say about them.

Just when he was discovering at last what colour was about, just when 'pictures and images seemed to open up in front of me in a profusion I had never experienced before', the war began; surrealist, Mass-Observer, painter, all disappeared under the mask of Lieut. Trevelyan, RE, part of a camouflage outfit which also contained Jasper Maskelyne and Victor Stiebel. In a world where trucks looked like tanks, tanks like trucks, pillboxes like chapel ruins or gipsy caravans (there is a photograph of an enchanting one by Oliver Messel), the frontier between realism and surrealism ceased to matter. A camouflage mission to the Middle East filled his eye with images and colours, and when he came out of the Army he painted with fury and conviction, for he had found himself, and knew how he must live.

Now, having logged his zigzag course to this end, he shows that he is one of the literary Trevelyans after all. Not that his prose is in the least 'literary'; he has that enviable painter's gift of placing words in a sentence like dabs of colour on a canvas. Smells and sights come sharply off the page, especially in his diary of his Middle East trip; and the movements of the Thirties, seen sometimes comically and sometimes with tenderness, come to life again as fresh as paint.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Myth, Magic and Religion

Prehistoric Religion. By E. O. JAMES. *Thames & Hudson.* 30*s.*

Gogmagog. By T. C. LETHBRIDGE. *Routledge.* 21*s.*

Prehistoric religion lies between animal carelessness and the conscious and recorded faiths of the ancient world. It dawns on the cunning, childish, and dimly wondering minds of the *Pithecanthropi* and other near-men, ends with temple scribes and the gradual spread of literate civilisation. The vastness and profundity of this gap must be fully imagined before the subject can be approached with any real understanding. We have to think of our forbears through half a million years becoming more and more fearfully aware of their severance from nature. Thus they were simultaneously troubled by the inner promptings of the growing psyche and the outward otherness of the cosmos they sought to explain, to affect and to meet in reunion. Here were the emotional urges behind myth, magic and religion.

To me the central weakness of Professor James's fact-filled, though occasionally inaccurate, book is that it does not spare a line to try to conjure up this strange predicament of young consciousness on a bewildering earth. On the contrary, its approach to the development of religion is generally very cut-and-dried; palæolithic artists and other holy men are called 'ritual experts' and they are concerned with 'economic rituals'. The impression given by some sections of *Prehistoric Religion* is that the whole thing might have been laid on by the authorities like the water

supply or sewage. If this judgment is unfair, it has probably been contributed to by the lifeless English in which the work is couched. Again and again my attention was overcome by a drowsy numbness in the middle of long and enervated sentences. Perhaps the truth is that most of this meat has been through the academic mincing-machine three or four times already.

The emphasis is well placed on three leading aspects of prehistoric religion: on burial practices and cults of the dead, on fertility rites and the Mother Goddess and on the 'sky religion' with its solar and other cosmic deities. There is no doubt that between them they do provide the three main peaks of early man's religious ideas; in particular the Mother Goddess, whose icons were already being carved by palæolithic hunters during the Ice Age, and who seems to have been even more widely venerated by the early farmers, was the most coherent embodiment of divinity to emerge in prehistoric times. On the other hand it is surprising that Professor James has absolutely nothing to say about all those humble local cults of tree and mountain, stream and pool; he does not even mention the votive offerings that form so striking a part of European archæology. I am disappointed, too, that he has produced no new ideas about the pre-literate origins of the historic religions he knows so well, but has been content with a rehash of familiar opinions. Again, while the book is loaded with archæological facts that have only an indirect bearing on religious interpretations, there are some surprising omissions of significant finds—such, for example, as two engravings that are our best evidence for formal rites in the animal cults of the palæolithic hunters. In short, *Prehistoric Religion* may prove quite useful as a factual compilation but throws no new light on this deeply interesting and important subject.

In *Gogmagog* Mr Lethbridge has written an account of some highly controversial work he has been doing on the Gogmagog Hills outside Cambridge. It is known that a chalk-cut hill figure, comparable with the Long Man of Wilmington and the Cerne Giant, was visible on these chalk downs until recent times. Using a steel bar to probe the chalk surface below the turf, Mr Lethbridge went in search of the lost Gogmagog. Plotting his soundings on a chart like the good mariner he is, he claims to have discovered not one figure but three—a goddess flanked by a sun god and a 'demon of darkness'. A few authorities have accepted his picturesque trio, many have believed them to be the creation of the prober's imagination working on natural irregularities in the chalk. It is, of course, impossible to form any judgment from a book; I can only say that I found some of his attempts to link this group with myth and legend unconvincing, while it seems to me that too many quite different techniques have been used, even within each individual figure, to be acceptable as the handiwork of a prehistoric turf artist. If the dispute is ever settled by a stripping of the whole area, it may prove that some part of the picture is genuine (the goddess's head looks the most substantial) while the rest is fanciful. Unlike Professor James, Mr Lethbridge always writes in a lively, fresh and personal way, so that whether one votes with the ayes or the noes, this little book makes enjoyable reading.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

Three books of articles which originally appeared in the *Scientific American* have been published here by Bell: *The Physics and Chemistry of Life*, *Twentieth-Century Bestiary* (13s. 6d. each) and *Automatic Control* (10s. 6d.).

Lives, Mixed

Hand Over Hand. By CECILE DE BANKE. *Hutchinson.* 21s.

So Much Love, So Little Money. By LYN IRVINE. *Faber.* 12s. 6d.

Our Square. By VERILY ANDERSON. *Hart-Davis.* 16s.

Victorian Days. By LADY CLODAGH ANSON. *Richards Press.* 25s.

The urge to tell the story of one's life to strangers is a common one, but to go the length of writing an autobiography needs a more serious reason. These four books, all written by women but all as different as chalk from cheese, throw some light on the various impulses which cause ordinary people to feel extraordinary enough to put their lives on paper.

Miss Cecile de Banke is the only one of the four whose life in itself has anything odd about it. She is cheerful and extrovert, a hard-working Cinderella who has known so many ups and downs and adventures that one can almost hear her friends and acquaintances in chorus: 'You ought to write the story of your life'. And indeed, being the true story of a climb from the bottom to more than half-way up, it is worth telling simply for the rapid exhilarating motion and sense of progress.

Born in the East End of London in the Eighties, a descendant of Huguenot refugees who had worked as weavers in Spitalfields for generations, her early years have almost the flavour of Mayhew. Poplar had not quite lost its village character in the vast, sordid, jerry-built development round the docks, nor her grandparents lost their thrifty French qualities. She is proud of this Huguenot ancestry, and sets out to tell her own story almost as though it were a social history of Spitalfields. By the time we have fully digested the background, however, the scene has changed. She is being born in a dock-side public-house, her father having left the loom for the bar, and the smell of sawdust and beer is strong as she is wheeled in her grimy go-cart along the West India Dock Road and in and out of its insalubrious alleys. We settle down for a tale of poverty and squalor, for which a drinking and quarrelling home have well prepared us, when, hey presto! the scene-shifters demolish the whole thing, and after a brief drop-scene of rural Epping (reasons of health) the curtain goes up on Father as a bookmaker, prosperity in Brighton, race-courses, passion for the turf, buying one's clothes in Paris and driving about in four-in-hands with the cream of flashy society. This doesn't last either. Father fails, there is a moonlight flit, and our heroine reappears as a girl with a golden voice, training for a career as an opera singer. Now it is the world of musical comedy, provincial tours, theatrical lodgings and ambition; but again, not for long. An accident on the stage results in spinal injury, doggedly singing through bronchitis destroys her voice, and the last we see of Miss de Banke is on a liner during the first world war, setting out with undaunted cheerfulness for a new life as a small-part actress in South Africa.

It is, as one sees, an overloaded story, and there is more to come, for the author, now sixty-eight and not long retired from being a professor of speech in an American college, must have crammed in several lives between then and now, and is said to be already at work recording them. She writes clearly and well, without fuss or self-pity, having stumbled on a genuine talent late in life as casually, one supposes, as she once discovered a ringing soprano voice.

Lyn Irvine's quiet book is as different as possible. Hers is a story of life in a Scottish manse, and ends with childhood. Nothing much happens; the tone is gentle and reflective; there are no adventures in Miss de Banke's sense, yet the effect is far more penetrating and personal. One cannot imagine friends clamouring round Miss Irvine for the story of her life; the impulse to write it clearly came from within, since, as she says of an aunt who was always hoarding letters and family data (and marking the envelopes 'Keep for future gen.'), 'Life, moment by moment, was real and delicious to her, she could not bear it to vanish unrecorded.' She is particularly good on the mysterious experiences of childhood which most of us forget—intimations, not of immortality, but of immense potentialities which rarely, alas, come to anything; hallucinations of levitation and flying and hearing 'voices', which fade in adolescence, and which may, she thinks, be due to 'the sensitiveness shared by children and neurotics to inward movements, transitions in the blood, to growth and change.' Sucking the juices out of every experience, she is the only writer I have ever come across who has a good word to say even for insomnia. 'Without the extra years it gives for thought, only the intellectual giants can draw level with their experience.'

There is a very different type of autobiography to which women writers nowadays seem specially prone, that is, the screamingly funny or 'Aren't I awful' school which began with *The Egg and I* and to which Verily Anderson's *Spam Tomorrow* was said to be 'the English answer'. *Our Square* is a sort of sequel, the ineptitudes and humours of young married life in a small house

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—*Glasgow Herald.*
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Secker & Warburg

in Chelsea with babies and lodgers and not enough money; high spirited and well bred and fairly funny, like the conversation of those breathless talkers who never run out of anecdotes about their own disasters.

Turning from this to *Victorian Days* is like sitting down at the knee of a very sensible old lady who also has a weakness for running on, but whose gossip is instructive as well as soothing. Lady Clodagh Anson must have been just like that before she died, moved to continuous, rather shapeless reminiscence by the contrast between the vanished 'then' and 'now'. Her book is one of those, full of ducal relations and life above stairs, which at first sight have little enough to recommend them; but it has a quality which is rare enough – absolute naturalness. She does not try to 'write': she just flows on in a kindly, tolerant voice. Unexpectedly, she casts a spell, and one sits entranced by Granny Waterford, who had a tiara made out of foxes' teeth, or the Prince of Wales, who was 'always frightfully nice'. It is a Mitford source-book, with good humour not yet sharpened to wit, or truth into malice.

MARGARET LANE

Oh, My Papa!

The Monkey Kingdom. By IVAN SANDERSON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 35*s.*

Beyond the seas, in the Eastern continent, is the mountain Hua-kuo Shan. On the side of this mountain, at the top of a pointed rock, an egg formed, which, fructified by a breath of wind, gave birth to a Monkey. This Monkey, among the rival systems involving God but devised by men, became a powerful One. It was a shrewd honour; such systems – in addition to gait, dentition, diet, and Society – mark the frontier between the primates Simioid and Hominoid; and shortly, as monkeys may be obliged to start over again the ascent to a perception of God, we should be glad that while we lasted the Chinese put one of a tribe on whom we shall be dependent in a Pantheon.

Had it been their good fortune to develop in a country where monkeys were native the British might have deified one; the baboon, say. For in spite of a taste for dogs and horses distinguishing a certain class of person among us, monkeys are our nearest and dearest. A visit to the Zoo will prove this: the monkey-house is favourite, packed with all classes receiving entertainment, instruction, and criticism, from dawn to dusk. Alas, as Mr Sanderson's book shows, even our chief monkey-house is badly stocked. *The Monkey Kingdom* lists and gives a short account of all twelve branches of the family 'primal vertebrates', saving man.

The book is supplied with maps to show the distribution of these animals; the author does not shirk from suggestions linking us directly to them; but the chief glory of his work are the photographs many of which are in colour, most of them funnier and more apposite than the work of highly paid cartoonists. For example: just after the delightful Tarsier, four inches tall, who drinks dewdrops from leaf tips, comes the Proboscis Monkey. Fitted out with a flat, spoon-shaped nose, the top of his head is covered with red hair. Meditative he is, looking exactly like an elderly Davy Crockett; and those of us who have cultivated a physiognomic flair will be certain thought played a part in the making of that expression and features.

The book is luxurious and humbling. So let's build one bomb less and spend our money instead on three from every kind of monkey still living beside us, a little more than kith but less than kind.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE

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The Called and the Chosen. By MONICA BALDWIN. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15*s.*

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The Mendelman Fire. By WOLF MANKOWITZ. *Andre Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ten Seconds from Now. By KAY CICELLIS. *Harvill Press.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

'We were here because we believed that the prayer of the heart intensified by self-sacrifice was the great changer of the world: that it did more than economics, politics, or pacts.' Readers to whom that sentence is meaningless – to whom prayer is either infantile self-deception or, at the best, a rather primitive psychological technique for soothing oneself in times of stress – will find the atmosphere of Miss Baldwin's novel repellent, but will still be fascinated by it as they would be by a good documentary novel about hospitals or barracks. Readers who, lost in the swirl of the world, have at times been almost overwhelmed by the agonising need for outer order and inner peace, will find a deeper meaning than the documentary one. The pattern of Miss Baldwin's novel is broadly similar to that of her autobiography, *I Leapt Over The Wall.* A young Englishwoman of good family becomes first a novice and then a professed nun in an enclosed order. After some years in Europe, her convent is transferred to her ancestral home, Stokesey, which has been given to the Church, but which she has never quite managed to put out of her own heart. She cannot help resenting the way the grandeur of Stokesey is being destroyed and she undergoes a deep symbolic inner struggle about surrendering a family relic, a blood-stained flag from Naseby, which another Sister has torn up and used as a wiping rag. She does surrender it, she does accept the necessity of having the worldly beauty of Stokesey destroyed if it is to be bare and austere enough for a convent. But without losing her faith, or her reverence for the vocation of others, she realises that she has been mistaken in her own sense of vocation. God is willing that she should follow Him, living according to her natural affections, in the world. She takes steps to be released from her vows, but without any sense of resentment, or any feeling that her years in the enclosed world have been wasted.

Miss Baldwin writes with great grace and dignity, her accounts of the actual mechanics and routine of the enclosed life are fascinating, and she is able to show how (again, as in a barracks or a hospital) the little quirks of individual character are not obliterated but, in a way, intensified. There is the nun, for instance, who loves a good gossip. There is the nun who has a special devotion to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, and the other nun who feels that such a devotion is, to say the least, a little abstract and highbrow. There are, as in any community of women, among these holy women those who have the knack of rubbing other people up the wrong way and those who have the knack of easing tension. There is the alternation, in the inner rhythm of the life, of moments of stress, fatigue, almost unbearable weariness, and moments of consolation. If this is not her only subject, one feels that Miss Baldwin could become a very good novelist, indeed. I would like a sequel about Ursula restored to the world.

Mr Richter's novel is an example of a *genre* which is becoming increasingly fashionable in America, the highbrow Western. It is written with artful simplicity and with great attention to correct local colour, as if it were, indeed, a short book of memoirs about life in New Mexico fifty years or so ago. The plot is a feud between Doña Ellen, a beautiful, proud half-Spanish, half-English New Mexican and her sinister brother-in-law, Snell Beasley. In the end, Beasley is killed in a buggy-race in which Doña Ellen, sparked into action at last, deliberately crashes her buggy into his. The plot is pure melodrama. Beasley is an impossibly black villain, Doña Ellen almost too noble and proud and beautiful to be true. But the story works with an odd magic because of the simplicity, Huckleberry Finn-like, of the boy who tells it and because the cunning plainness of the writing seems to make everything distant and dignified, and to take the melodrama for granted. I was reminded a little of some of Mr David Garnett's early short novels. Mr Richter's talent is a minor one, I think, but also one to look out for.

Mr Wolf Mankowitz, who used to be the rising hope of the stern and unbending younger Leavisites, has become a splendid vulgar entertainer, a kind of English Damon Runyon. The sentiment is treacle thick, the jokes are corny, the human feeling is splashed on lavishly like ketchup on a beefburger, the whole effect, sometimes, is that of a confidence trickster who feels so sure of himself that he can let his victims into the secret of his trick; but the result, if one is not in an excessively squeamish mood, is wonderfully easy reading and somehow one feels that, whatever else has been cooked up, the basic good nature has not. Miss Cicellis is a writer of the opposite kind: I imagine that Mr Mankowitz, in his critical days, would have dismissed her as fey and precious. I think,

in fact, she has a basic streak of sentimentality, not wholly unlike his. Her novel is about a Greek broadcasting station, there are love affairs, happy and unhappy, there is a great deal of frail charm, and there are the atmospherics that one always loves in novels about Greece: 'The summer is so bright that there are moments when everything seems to darken, and it all takes on the splendour of a catastrophe. A great slow golden shipwreck . . .' (Lawrence Durrell and Francis King, please copy). A slight, but pleasurable book.

G. S. FRASER

White Workers

Rebel's Daughters. By E. S. SACHS. *MacGibbon & Kee.* 21*s.*

How is the South African revolution likely to be accomplished? What policy should those South Africans who believe in democracy follow to rid themselves of the rigid caste pattern now being imposed on their country? These are the questions which concern 'Solly' Sachs far more than a detailed history of the Garment Workers' Union, of which he was general secretary until he came under Mr Swart's Suppression of Communism axe. This is natural, for Solly Sachs has spent most of his life fighting the evil influences in South Africa which have constantly striven to destroy his life's work of building his union. Though his book is discursive and tends self-consciously to identify his work and his struggles as the main anti-*Apartheid* element in recent South African history, his courage in defying the Nationalists constantly illuminates its pages.

Yet though Mr Sachs has more right than most to express his outlook on South African issues, his own identification with one particular aspect of the problem forces him unconsciously into blinkers. He has a constant tendency to give the impression that those influences working against nationalism have the character he would wish and he frequently slides over inconvenient aspects of their activities. The trade union which he himself built has fought a valiant battle for the conditions of women in the clothing industry, and has, at times, supported the claims of Non-European workers. Yet this same union itself has had to organise itself on segregational lines because of the racial prejudices of its members. When Coloured workers were admitted to the union they had to form a separate branch. African workers have had to organise a separate union.

Again, while all who know the present leaders of the South African Labour Party recognise the magnificent fight they are putting up in Parliament against racial legislation, the tragic history of the party will take much living down. Mr Sachs would have liked to have seen the Labour Party 'come forward with a constructive policy and programme', but it did not do so. Actually it formed a pact with the Nationalist Party in the election of 1924 and both British and Afrikaner workers supported it in doing so. Even after the second war, when the Labour Party had begun to discard its previous policy of economic *Apartheid*, it could not rid itself of its racial character. Mr Sachs may believe that 'no party which claims to be democratic or Labour can have any association with racial discrimination', but the fact is that the South African Labour Party has still no Non-Europeans as members.

Much of Mr Sachs's work has been devoted to organising the 'poor whites' in the clothing industry to attain a decent standard of living. That decent standard, however, is a white standard. The Garment Workers' Union has undoubtedly played a leading part in destroying poor white-ism in this industry. Nevertheless, and this is another point which the author slides over, the main factor in removing poor white-ism from South Africa during the 1930s was the 'white labour policy' of the Government. Non-Europeans were deliberately removed from many of their traditional artisan posts and supplanted by workers whose first qualification was the pigment of their skin.

In answering our two original questions, Mr Sachs looks on too narrow a front and his conclusions suggest pious hope rather than reality. The Labour movement of South Africa which can really destroy the foundations of *Apartheid* will not rely on the present trade union structure. The majority of white workers are still deeply bitten by racialism – the more so because particularly the poorer Afrikaner workers are still haunted by the fear of Non-European economic competition. Nor will the defeat of the Nationalist Party destroy racial tyranny, for racialism was established long before the Nationalist Government and is fully accepted by the United Party.

The Garment Workers' Union and the South African Labour Party may play an important part in the coming revolution, but that revolution itself will be based primarily, not on the white workers, but on the Non-European masses. Mr Sachs rightly points out that in the long run the economic prosperity of all South Africans depends on breaking the present rigid caste system. The main task of that small section of the white working-class movement which at present recognises this fact must be to devote its energies to persuading its own members that their interest coincides with that of the African, Indian and Coloured workers. Unless they succeed, the South African revolution will itself be based on racialism, rejecting white workers along with the rest of a European community which has tyrannised the coloured masses.

JOHN HATCH

Gramophone Records

THE centenary of Elgar's birth has brought forth a number of recordings of his music. Much the best of those I have heard is, however, no less than twenty-five years old: a reissue of a vintage performance of the Violin Concerto by the young Yehudi Menuhin and the LSO conducted by Elgar himself. The soloist's playing is wonderfully ardent, pure and absorbed – no wonder that the aged composer was captivated by it – and the conclusion of the lovely slow movement is particularly moving. Considering its age the technical quality of this transfer to LP is remarkably good. The brass and woodwind is rather backward, but the strings, who clearly rose to this occasion, show up well.

There are two new recordings of the Second Symphony: Boult and the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra on Nixa, and Barbirolli and the Hallé on HMV. Neither is really satisfactory. Barbirolli scores on a far superior recording and his strings are much fuller and more zestful than Boult's. But exaggerated and frequent changes of tempi undermine the stature and symphonic impetus of the two outer movements. And while Barbirolli gives the music all its flamboyancy and a good bit more, he misses the counterbalancing reserve, and hence the tension between an outer confidence and an inner melancholy that lies at the very root of Elgar's fascination as a composer. Boult is at the other extreme: he cer-

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tainly does not lack reserve, but his approach is rather staid and his phrasing lacks the sweep of Barbirolli's. But his performance is markedly more coherent. By a short head I prefer Boult.

Fortunately Nixa's recording of *Falstaff* is far better, although the level of sound needs a little boosting. This seems to me the work in which Elgar's genius is found at its most original and sustained and Boult approaches the score with evident affection and understanding. The woodwind of the Philharmonic Promenade Orchestra of London play fluently, but the strings again yield a chewed, emasculated sound, and there are moments when the performance could do with a touch more *brio*. Yet stylistically this is a most convincing account of an extraordinarily rich and neglected score.

Argo has issued on two discs Purcell's twelve *Trio Sonatas of 1683*. There is hardly a dull moment in this cornucopian outpouring of fine music, and the performances by Neville Marriner, Peter Gibbs, Desmond Dupré and Thurston Dart, under the direction of the last-named, are highly successful. The tempi are lively, the parts emerge with remarkable clarity and are never masked by the little eighteenth-century organ on which Dart plays the continuo, and the phrasing is stylish and eloquent. The recording is first class, and the whole issue provides a splendid introduction to this fine music. I feel rather less enthusiastic about Thurston Dart's performance on harpsichord and clavichord of Purcell's complete keyboard works. He attacks the music with great zest, decision and brilliance, but it often sounds over-pressed and even hectic. Most of it is after all on a lower level than the marvellous trio sonatas, but Dart seems curiously unwilling to relax and play a simple little piece simply. This is particularly apparent in *Musick's Handmaid*, where the harpsichord registration sounds over-glittering and too dramatic. There is also a tendency to overemphasise the right hand so that the ear has sometimes to search for the bass. But these lively performances are in no way dull or fusty and the two 12-inch Argo discs are splendidly recorded.

The Ambrosian Singers and the Kalman Orchestra conducted by Michael Tippett give a most convincing performance on Nixa of Purcell's 1692 *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*. Deller is in fine form, particularly in an amazingly fluent account of the florid aria 'Tis Nature's voice'. Wilfred Brown, who is rather too self-effacing in the duet, 'In vain the am'rous flute', shows in a small part a most attractive voice and a fine sense of style. The instrumental playing is excellent, the choir is responsive if not always entirely lucid, and the performance as a whole has an air of unself-conscious and spontaneous authenticity. The recording deteriorates towards the end of each side.

To return to more recent English music, Decca has issued a performance by Boult and the LPO of Vaughan Williams's *Symphony No. 8 in D minor*. The sound is far superior to that of the competing Pye recording of Barbirolli and the Hallé. Boult gets deeper into the meditative cavatina, but his handling of the first movement is a trifle sedative in effect. In the final resort there is not a great deal to choose between the two performances, so that, recording apart, preference will probably depend on whether you want the symphony alone on a ten-inch disc (Pye) or coupled with a good account of the attractive *Partita* for double string orchestra on the 12-inch Decca.

Decca has not wasted much time in putting out a cut version extending over two discs of Britten's recent ballet score, *The Prince of the Pagodas*. The instrumental writing is fabulously resourceful and its range is well shown in a superlative performance by the Covent Garden Orchestra under the composer's direction. There can be few opera orchestras capable of playing of this standard. Even in this cut version the score still seems to me unequal. But some of the music, such as the fire finale to the first scene of the second act and the diversion in the third act, is among the most attractive that Britten has written. The recording is brilliant but benefits from a slight treble cut. Other recent recordings of Britten's music include *The Little Sweep*, which is more successful on disc than one might suppose. Jennifer Vyvyan has a rather grand vocal manner for a nursery-maid, but the performance under the composer has an attractively unforced liveliness and it is well recorded.

Alan Rawsthorne's *Piano Concerto No. 1* is a light but adroit and well-worked piece that pleases because of its pungent, individual taste and the sureness with which it achieves what it sets out to do. The music strikes no attitudes, but behind an unassuming good humour, that is at once spry and tart, there are subtle glints of emotion that are the more telling because of the restrained manner in which they are handled. The concerto is well played by Moura Lympany and accompanied by the Philharmonia Orchestra under Herbert Menges. It is coupled with Britten's early *Concerto No. 1* for piano and orchestra. This is far from being one of the composer's more successful works, but it is confidently performed by Jacques Abram accompanied by the Philharmonia under Menges. Both HMV recordings are good.

Praise must be given to the British Council for recording Robert Simpson's *Symphony No. 1* so early in the composer's career. I don't myself think that this work, which consists of three continuous sections, is entirely successful as an entity. But it improves on acquaintanceship and contains numerous and extensive passages that show a real if unobtrusive individuality. For a work of moderate dimensions it is over-burdened with Brucknerian climaxes, many of which (though not all) sound rather artificially contrived. But the quiet passages of the first section are imaginative, precise and fluent. The contrapuntal string opening to the slow section has real *Innigkeit*, while the finale at moments captures an elation that is far removed from mere heartiness. The less heavily scored passages show a subtle and distinctive orchestral palette. This work of evident promise is extremely well performed by Boult and the LPO and splendidly recorded.

* * * * * *

A small group of recordings of Italian opera can suitably begin with what is to all intents and purposes the first effective opera of all: Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. The performance on two DGG Archive discs has the rare merit of convincing from both a musicological and a dramatic point of view. The conductor, August Wenzinger, has assembled a huge range of ancient instruments (but not, it seems, the old trombones whose small but incredibly concentrated tone was such a fascinating feature of an even better performance which Hindemith conducted in Vienna in 1954), and one of the virtues of the recording is that it gives a conception of Monteverdi's wonderfully varied instrumental writing. Wenzinger secures orchestral playing and choral singing that is stylish and lively and his tempi are most convincing. Helmut Krebs is a distinguished Orfeo, handling his *arioso* with sensibility and conviction, and skilfully integrating his *fioriture* into the vocal line. With the exceptions of Margot Guilleaume, Horst Günter and Clemens Kaiser-Breme, Wenzinger has not, however, managed to instil his dramatic sense into some of the singers of his smaller roles. Too often Italian words are feebly mouthed and there are examples of that white, expressionless musicological singing that does so much to hinder pleasure in music of this period. Nonetheless, and in spite of a slightly rough recording, this is a valuable issue.

Of two performances of Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona*, I much prefer a crisp, fresh and unaffected performance under Ferninand Leitner on DGG Archive. The rival account on Columbia under Giulini is too 'artistic' by half and too determined to unearth subtleties where none exist. Marcello Cortis is fleeter of foot than Rossi-Lemeni, notably in recitatives (of which there are plenty!), so that the only drawback to Leitner's performance is a shrill-voiced Serpina. On three well-recorded Decca discs Erede conducts a most competent cast in *The Barber of Seville*. What the performance lacks is high spirits and hilarity, but nothing is so elusive on records as the *buffo* manner and there is a certain relief in the absence of invisible clowning. Simionato sings well as Rosina, Bastianini is a good if heavy-voiced Figaro, and Corena's Bartolo has real humour. Erede's conducting is neat and the ensembles go splendidly. But why take 'La Calunnia' at such a laboured tempo?

There is a great deal to be said for Karajan's *Falstaff* on three extremely well-recorded and well-balanced Columbia discs. The performance is meticulously polished and the ensembles are flawless. Schwarzkopf is a radiant Alice and Panerai's Ford is first-rate. Gobbi's voice is a bit underweight for Falstaff, but his performance is well conceived and not buffooned. What then is lacking? The answer is simply human clay. All is smooth, spick and span, and while that is admirable in itself, the vitality, earthiness and humanity of the music has got lost in the process. Indeed this is to Toscanini's performance as Swiss processed cheese is to a good, ripe Stilton.

PETER HEYWORTH

Week-end Competition

Competition No. 1,430
Set by Thomas Smallbones

Seedsmen when introducing new varieties of plants often name them after famous people. Competitors are invited to give the catalogue description of a plant named after any one of the following: Peter Ustinov, Rose Macaulay, Evelyn Waugh, Colin Wilson, Wolf Mankowitz, Malcolm Muggeridge, John Betjeman, Nancy Spain. Limit 150 words; entries by August 6.

Result of No. 1,427 **Set by James Bredin**

Filmgoers who saw *Twelve Angry Men* will recall that the advertising agency man on the jury prefaced any suggestion with 'Let's run it up the flagpole and see if anyone salutes it' or a similar expression. On a recent visit to New York I found more examples of this turn of phrase—'Let's get down on all fours and see it from the client's point of view,' or 'Let's run it round the block and see if the wheels fall off'. The usual prizes are offered for the best three catch-phrases of this kind suitable for use in the British advertising world.

Report

In spite of one entry from New York (home ground for this game but not up to standard in this case) and others from Israel, Germany, Ireland and South Africa, no one could produce three successful entries. There were some embarrassing attempts at American phraseology and some missed the point by providing slogans for

use by advertisers rather than jokes for use in advertising agencies. Some were a bit too esoteric for the purpose—like D. R. Peddy's 'Let's put it up for the Athenaeum and see if it gets blackballed'; and the topical note was often rather cumbrously struck—*e.g.*, Patrick Fahey's 'Let's get outside it and see if it gets angry' or Albert Harris's 'Let's put a velvet collar on it and see if the Teddy Boys'll wear it', while cricket was responsible for a lot of heavy efforts. Here are the best of the batch, with prizes to those marked, at the rate of half a guinea an asterisk.

**Let's put a top hat on it and see if it'll make the Royal Enclosure. (CHRISTOPHER EVANS)

*Let's send it to 'Animal, Vegetable and Mineral,' and see what they think it is. (R. MEAD)

*Let's float it across the Pacific and see how many editions it runs into. (FRANK LITTLER)

**Let's send it to *The Times* and see how soon it makes 'This England'. (ARTHUR JACOBS)

Let's jack it up and see how the Top People like it. (E. JORDAN)

*Let's send 'em a rocket and see if there's any fall-out. (STANLEY J. SHARPLESS)

**Let's zip it up and see if you can still breathe. (EDDIE C.)

*Let's shut our eyes and try to see it from the viewer's angle. (EDDIE C.)

Let's walk it down Bond Street and see if anyone picks it up. (IRA)

*Let's push it down the 'phone and see if anyone taps it. (DEREK BARNARD)

Let's take it to the window and see if it turns white. (G. R. M.)

Let's put it in the sandwiches and see if they notice the difference. (G. R. M.)

*Let's ring up Buckingham Palace and see how much they deny it. (WILLIAM ANTHONY)

City Lights

The Laggards

The Iron and Steel Board is having trouble with the boys again. Its 100-page memo. to Lord Mills starts off by reminding him, to his embarrassment, that he has power under the denationalisation Act to set up steel plants which the country needs and the steelmakers refuse to provide. It goes on to point out that while the Board has cajoled and bullied the industry into expansion fairly successfully in most directions, on two matters its bullying and cajoling have made no headway at all.

The first is the need for a fourth strip mill. The Board's tentative estimates of future demand for sheet steel and tinplate suggest that if the South Wales handmills are closed there will be an adequate initial load for a fourth mill by 1962: the industry, however, maintains that demand will reach the level assumed by the Board only in the late 1960s. Whatever the statistical rights and wrongs of the matter, a new strip mill could not be producing at a significant rate until 1963-4. The split is not over statistics but about attitudes towards expansion. The country needs a slight excess of capacity, the steelmakers find a slight

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deficiency more profitable. But unless Lord Mills, who hates to see anyone even semi-nationalised, is willing to throw his weight behind the Board, the fourth strip mill may not be started until after the next election.

The other dispute between the industry and the Board is over the need to exploit domestic reserves of iron ore. These ores are considerably less rich than what can be imported, but the Board obviously feels that the international scramble for ore in the early 1960s is likely to be severe and that further exploitation of our own untapped resources is urgently necessary. It has prevailed on the two companies principally concerned, United Steel and Stewarts & Lloyds, to begin surveying reserves, and evidently regards this in itself as a considerable achievement. But it wants them to move further and faster.

The Board, oddly enough, has practically nothing to say about the vexed question of financing steel expansion. It has stuck out fairly well against the steelmakers' eagerness to push up prices – though another increase is expected soon – and points out that the price advantage of British steel is rapidly diminishing. But it also points out that the present state of the capital market – Mr Thorneycroft's speeches have made renationalisation seem very close – makes it difficult to raise capital from outside. One answer would be for the government to provide capital in exchange for ordinary shares.

* * *

The City has not found much comfort in the half-year's trade returns. Imports, ignoring price changes and the disruption caused by Suez, rose by only 1½ per cent.; but industry has been importing more raw materials recently, and a further rise in production could easily accelerate this movement. The real trouble, however, lies with exports. After two years, and just as the European boom shows signs of tailing off, shipments to Europe are beginning to rise well, but last year's surge in shipments to North America is clearly not going to be repeated. At the same time, exports to other sterling area countries – which take almost half our total exports – have risen only negligibly in value and have actually fallen in volume. The underlying reason for this fall, whether the immediate explanation is Australian import restrictions or a slowing-down in Indian and West African development plans, is that sterling countries are short of money to pay for more sterling imports.

The government, it is true, seems to have had a change of heart about the Commonwealth since so many black people were 'let into the club': it is now a liability to leave to the Socialists. The Treasury is very strong on the virtues of consistency: if a squeeze hurts us, it must hurt our customers. But Mr Thorneycroft is refusing the expected rise in our standard of living and tossing away an increase in productive investment for the sake of a larger balance of payments surplus – a surplus largely needed for investment in other sterling countries. By refusing to lend them the money they need to buy our goods he is shibbolething us all into the ground.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 402. Nomina sunt . . .

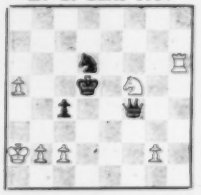
They needn't be quite as odious as the old Latin tag would have us believe; they may well be just as gloriously immortalised as Ruy Lopez, Kieseritzky, Muzio, Allgaier, Max Lange, From, McCutcheon and others owing such immortality to some more or less vague connection with a chess opening or a mere variation. This may also apply to a country being honoured by the French or Sicilian defence and a town basking in the glory of the Riga or Cambridge Springs variation; and it has come to be an almost traditional courtesy for a foreign grandmaster to adopt the English opening for his first game in a British tournament. The Mayor of Hastings should be well used by now to following up his traditional opening speech with a ceremonial push of the White QBP, and so far as I know, this is called 'the English' because Staunton played it in 1851. In the 1883 London tournament, though, Zukertort played it only once; and while it has recently come to be very popular (easily lending itself to transitions into various highly modern lines), it was considered almost a joke by old Tarrasch and it took three or four decades to climb from a measly ½% to a creditable tournament frequency of almost 10%. I owe some of these statistics to one who has a very sharp axe to grind, so far as *c*4 is concerned. Carl Carls has played the move so invariably for 60 years and his Bremen disciples have followed their master so consistently that German chess literature has been trying for a long time to get 'the English' redubbed as the *Bremer Partie*. To stress the point, a neat booklet *Carls und die Bremer Partie* has just been edited by Kurt Richter (*Walter de Gruyter*, Verlag, Berlin, *DM* 7.80). It is full of good games, interesting positions and amusing anecdotes, such as the (perfectly true) story of Carls's mortification when he found the White QBP glued to the board. I like even better the story of his visit to Paris and how his old friend Bernstein tried to convince him that the huge *C*4 neon-light display at the Eiffel tower was meant to advertise 'his' opening rather that the 4-cylinder Citroen. At 77, a retired bank manager and a very sprightly old gentleman, Carls still wields a wicked (QB) pawn and makes a habit of winning the Bremen championship. Here's a game he won in 1912 at Breslau, the victim being the great Dr. Tarrasch who had just pronounced (1) P-QB4 to be 'the most stupid move on the chess board'.

(1) P-QB4, P-K3; (2) P-KKt3, P-Q4; (3) B-Kt2, P-Q5; (4) P-B4, P-QB4; (5) P-K4, Kt-QB3; (6) Kt-KB3, B-K2; (7) P-Q3, B-Q2; (8) Kt-R3, P-QR3; (9) B-Q2, R-Kt1; (10) 0-0, P-QKt4; (11) P-Kt3, P-Kt5; (12) Kt-B2, B-Q3; (13) QKt-K1!, KKt-K2; (14) Q-K2, 0-0 (15) P-K5, B-B2; (16) Kt-Kt5, P-R3; (17) Kt-K4, B-Kt3; (18) Kt-KB3, K-R1; (19) Kt-R4, Kt-B4; (20) Kt x Kt, P x Kt; (21) Kt-Q6, P-Kt3; (22) B-Q5, B-K1; (23) P-Kt4!, P x P; (24) P-B5, P-Kt4; (25) QR-K1!, P-B3; (26) B x Kt, B x B; (27) Q x P, P x P; (28) R x P, R-B3; (29) B x P!, Q x Kt; (30) B x R ch, Q x B; (31) R-K6, Q x R; (32) P x Q, R-Kt1; (33) Q x R ch, K x Q; (34) P-K7, resigns.

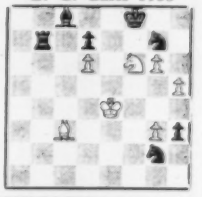
A: Carl Carls 1901

The 4-pointer is a mate in 5, facilitated for beginners by the useful hint that the first 4 moves show White to be far from stingy with his pieces. **B**, a win, and **C**, a draw, are quite pretty and rate 6 and 7 ladder-points. Usual prizes. Entries by 6 August.

B: C. Carls 1957



C: C. Carls 1955



REPORT on No. 399. Set 6 July

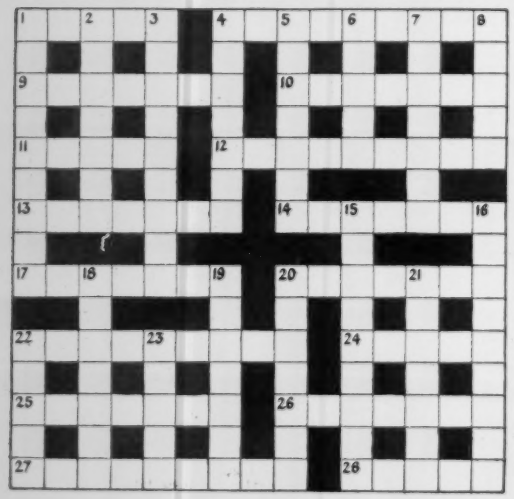
A: (3) . . . R-QR6; (4) RxR, P=Q ch; (5) RxQ stalemate.
B: (1) K-B6, K-Q6; (2) KxP, P-R4; (3) K-B4!, K-Q5!; (4) P-K5, K-Q4; (5) K-B5, P-R5; (6) P-K6, K-Q3; (7) K-B6, P-R6; (8) P-K7, P-R7; (9) P=Q, P=Q; (10) Q-K7 ch, K-Q4; (11) Q-Kt7 ch etc if (6) . . . P-R6; (7) P-K7, P-R7; (8) P=Q, P=Q; (9) Q-R8 ch etc.
C: (1) P-Kt7 ch, K-Kt1; (2) B-Q5, P=Q; (3) P-B3, R-QR8!; (4) B-K4, Q-QKt8; (5) B-B5 etc.

Only a dozen flawless solutions, most competitors dropping a point or two over **C** (and/or **B**). Prizes shared by J. P. Ford, A. E. Harris, L. Perry, M. B. Yeats.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 261

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 261, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 6 August.



ACROSS

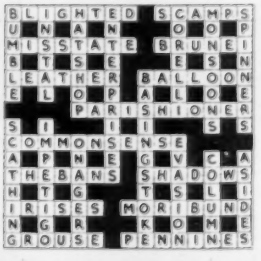
1. Girl without a place to sleep (5).
4. Building which is potentially clad with earth (9).
9. Turkish title whose termination comes in the breaking up of the fief (7).
10. The rough water makes one sick in the front of the boat (7).
11. The rogue sounds like part of the church (5).
12. Stores which are all right in nonsense and R.A.F. activities (9).
13. The prohibition faded out, it being passed from mouth to mouth (7).
14. Writer in action where the bad-tempered go off (7).
17. "Fair is too foul an —— for thee" (Marlowe) (7).
20. Extra allowances spoil drinks (7).
22. There are errors in type when I hurry in manuscript (9).
24. Shirk one time in another (5).
25. Animal which starts to run like water backwards (7).
26. Records for beheaded guards (7).
27. Catastrophes flower in an English town (9).
28. Tugs for foreigners (5).

DOWN

1. Fragile and potentially bleak and bare (9).
2. A burden to forbear (7).
3. Composer starting half in suggestion (9).
4. In confinement with two places in which to sleep (7).
5. Expressed displeasure after an expression of gratitude is forbidden (7).
6. Liberal isle transformed into island of inquisition (5).
7. Or hoped promiscuously for a courtesan (7).
8. Enrols for combat (5).
15. Seriously prompt about the home (9).
16. Distributes the sides scattered round the enclosures (9)
18. Affronts comprising a mixture of sin and lust (7).
19. A number competent and capable of being defended (7).
20. Fish of which fewer turn up in a rising total (7).
21. "No —— priest Shall tithe or toll in our dominions" (*King John*) (7).
22. Cut down when only a short time married (5).
23. Sways the immovable (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 259



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 259

R. F. Lewis (Stafford), R. C. Howard (Surbiton), F. M. Beth (Galil Elyon, Israel)

PERSONAL

CHEERFUL lady reqd. to help in London home 5 weeks from mid-Sept., including sole charge 21-month girl, house, husband during 2nd baby's hospital arrival. Some daily help. Box 4247.

CAR Party touring Spain Aug. 29-Sept. 17. Room for 2. Share exps. Box 4184.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KNI. 4132.

SEATS available in car Lancs. to Edinburgh Aug. 31. Retn. Sept. 7. Box 4234.

HELP wanted with two boys 8½ and 5 from August 16, three or four days weekly during school holidays. Regent's Park, London. Box 4226.

S.O.S. Dom. help reqd. (all duties). Kinsbrook, Seaview, Southerndown, Glam.

REAS. intell. woman wants gay, intell. companion (f.) to share country weekends. No exps.; car. Nr. London. Box 4223.

OWN room & full board for intelligent accurate typist from mid-Aug., Ealing. 3/4 evenings' work weekly in return. Live as family. Box 4220.

UNIV. lecturer wishes exch. Edinburgh house, sleep 6, for 2-3 wks. Festival Aug. 18-Sept. 8. Reqs. house for hol., sleep 4, pref. Cotswolds or S.W. England. Box 4215.

VENICE, 2 seats Zephyr, Aug. 24-Sept. 10. Via Belgium/Germany/Tyrol. Box 4123.

PROVENCE. Near Vence. Furnished country villa, 3 rooms, kit. & bath, electricity, gas. Box 4158.

THE Ox on the Roof, King's Road, Chelsea, will be closed from August 5. Reopening for Dinner, August 28.

YOUNG man, 25, wishes to share good flat London with another. Contrib. up to 3gns. p.w. Interests: physical culture, motoring, photography, theatre, music. BM/MDPS, London, W.C.1.

TAPESPONDING. Exchange your recordings with tape-pals, home/overseas. Details: Ewart, 87 Terrace, Torquay.

EXPENSE-sharing pass'gers/co-drivers Dolomites Rhineland. Aug. 24-3 wks. Box 4187.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. "au pair." Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St., S.W.3. KEN. 1586.

GERMAN student (f.) 21, seeks au-pair post, Aug.-Oct. Refs. available. Write: Jull, 126 Witherford Way, B'ham., 29.

GUITARS. (1) Salvador Sancho, Valencia, £20, (2) Alfonso Salas, Madrid, £15. 93 Heath Street, Hampstead. SWI. 2052 evgs.

YOUNG Lady, University technician, wishes to exchange comfortable flat for post abroad. Suggestions please. Box 3981.

USEFUL information about social work careers. Box 4052.

2s 6d.—7s. 6d.—a head—a night (free for help reclaiming garden). Details, s.a.e. Rigg Beck, Newlands, Nr. Keswick.

BACHELOR'S country house, Hastings, in acre wooded grounds, can receive few paying guests periods or permanent. Box 3949.

ESTATE agent considering driving to South of France in open car for 2-3 weeks in September, wishes to contact passenger who would share travelling expenses. Box 4172.

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WRITER/Journalist, bi-ling. (Engl./German), 10 yrs. exp. manager wholesale book-trade, seeks field of activity publishing, journalism, film or otherwise, England or abroad. Box 4136.

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ASPIRING ballerina, aged 14, needs good home, easy reach W.11. Offers, please, terms, etc. Box 4195.

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URBAN or urbane, an Underground train will bring you within 7 minutes walking of Anthony Panting's studio at 30 Abbey Gardens, St. John's Wood. MAI. 3200.

YOUNG writer sks. friendly help editing 2 non-fiction works which may be socially useful. Someone who likes to help for the fun of it. Later reward possible. BM/TROBRI, London, W.C.1.

CONGENIAL hol. acc. wanted Ireland, Aug. 24-31. 2 adults, 2 chln. Box 4256.

SCHOOLMASTER desperately needs £200. Wd. repay £250 in 2/3 yrs. Box 4127.

FAMILY house in Dorset Aug. 15-Sept. 8. ½-hr. coast; frig., veg., Aga. Bagenal, Charlton Marshall, Blandford. (Tel. 676.)

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PERSONAL—continued

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FREE accommodation offered in Hampstead flat from Sept. to girl (? student) in return for collection from school at 4 p.m. of boy (4 years) and care of him until 5.30-6 p.m. Also some Saturday mornings and baby-sitting. HAM. 5261 after 6 p.m.

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HOLIDAY films developed, enlarged and returned next day. High quality work. From 5s. 3d. for eight exposures. Time of payment immaterial. Gilbert Moore, Cotmandene, Orpington.

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PERSONAL—continued

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HOLIDAY TRAVEL

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You can still be included in our party to Norway (Aug. 3), Italian Riviera or Yugoslavia (Aug. 3 or Sept. 14), our House Party on Lake Geneva (dep. Aug. 2 or 4, 30, or Sept. 1). House Parties in Britain (few vacancies several dates).

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CHANTRY Mead, Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263) for holidays on lovely Herts-Essex border. Walking, cycling, motoring or just resting. Good food a speciality.

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BEAUTIFUL country with comfort & good food. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex (Eastbourne line). Tel. Horam Rd. 32.

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A RESTFUL holiday in the peace & quiet of the Herts. countryside. "Newlands," Langley Hill, Kings Langley, provides the ideal holiday from 10 gns. inclusive. Tel.: Kings Langley 2519.

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WHERE TO STAY—continued

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A DREAM of a snack—Burgess's Anchovy paste on buttered toast.

FRETFUL Fandangoists: nothing makes your toecaps tingle more than a few glasses of Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry. Out with the bottles! On with the dance! Ole!

WIN plenty of praise for your meals by adding that wonderful Rayner's Indian Mango Chutney—from all good grocers.

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BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½gns.; weekly boarders, 30gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

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MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School Farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

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THE Town and Country School, 32-40 Eton Avenue, N.W.3. (SWI. 3391.) Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. G.C.E., Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends and holidays Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland Chiltern Hills, 750ft.). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, Ph.D.; M. D. C. Graham, M.A.(Oxon).

INDIVID. teaching in group for children retarded by emotional difficulties. Mrs. Flynn, B.A., 12 Lambolle Rd., N.W.3. SWI. 3653.

RELIABLE advice given (gratis) by Truman and Knightley, Ltd., concerning schools for boys and girls, 91-93 Baker Street, W.1. HUNter 0931. Founded 1901.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

SENIOR Scientific Officers: Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable appointments covering a wide range of scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science. In Biological subjects the number of vacancies is small: individual vacancies exist in the Natural History Museum for candidates who have special knowledge of, or who are interested in, crystallography, taxonomic entomology, palaeobotany, malacology, acarology. Scientific Officers are urgently required for the Forensic Science Laboratories: for scientific examination of document and handwriting cases at Cardiff: for Chemists at Preston, Harrogate and in London. There is also a vacancy for a Senior Scientific Officer (Biologist) at Harrogate. The Royal Naval Scientific Service require a Scientific Officer (male) for the National Institute of Oceanography to work on oceanic Cephalopoda. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first- or second-class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering) or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or be otherwise qualified by high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31, but specially suitable candidates under 26 may be admitted; for Scientific Officers between 21 and 28 during 1957 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class). Salary (London) Senior Scientific Officers: Minimum £1,135 (women £1,047). Men's scale maximum £1,345. Scientific Officers: Minimum £605. Men's scale maximum £1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. 5-day week, generally. Further particulars, from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/57 for Senior Scientific Officers and S.52/57 for Scientific Officers. Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

CO-OPERATIVE Union Limited—Education Department. Under a special scheme of experimental work, two Tutor-Organisers are to be appointed: (a) one appointment in Consumer Education to initiate and direct work, both established and experimental, whereby the Co-operative Movement can help to equip consumers with the standard of discrimination they require in everyday life. The person appointed will work within the headquarters staff of the Education Department but will be expected to undertake intensive experimental work in selected areas throughout the country. Duration of appointment is for at least five years. Applications are especially invited from women who are interested and qualified in consumer education. (b) one appointment in Adult Education to initiate and conduct experiments in the development of Co-operative and social studies. An essential feature of the appointment is to build up information and guidance on methods of developing adult education in association with local Co-operative societies. While the appointment is to the national staff of the Education Department, the person appointed will be expected to work in selected areas throughout the country. Duration of the appointment is for at least three years. For Session 1957/58 the appointment will be based on Birmingham. Commencing salary for both posts within the range of £678×£25 to £828, the point of entry being determined by qualifications and experience. Further details, with application forms—to be returned by Friday, August 16—may be obtained from Chief Educ. Officer, Education Dept., Co-operative Union, Ltd., Stanford Hall, Loughborough, Leics.

UNIVERSITY of London. The Senate invites applications for the appointment of Staff Tutor under the Tutorial Classes Committee. Applicants should have high academic qualifications in relevant fields to assist in the development of adult education, particularly among trade unionists. The appointment, according to the experience of the candidate, may be either as Staff Tutor, salary scale £900×£50—£1,350 and then, subject to review, by annual increments of £75 to £1,650, plus £60 London Allowance, or Staff Tutor (Junior), salary £700×£50—£850 plus £50 London Allowance, the initial salary in both instances being determined in accordance with the qualifications and experience of the successful candidate. Family allowances are paid and the post carries membership of F.S.S.U. Particulars from the Director of the Department of Extra-Mural Studies, (Room 245), University of London, Senate House, W.C.1. Application forms to be submitted before August 26.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Faculty of Commerce and Social Science. Department of Accounting and Administration. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Accounting, to begin duties on October 1 next, or as soon thereafter as possible. Applicants should be graduates, preferably in commerce, economics or law, and should have a recognised professional qualification. The initial salary will be on a scale £900×£50—£1,350, depending on qualifications and experience, with F.S.S.U. and family allowances. Applications (3 copies), together with the names of three referees, should be sent on or before August 31, 1957 to the Registrar, The University, Birmingham, 15, from whom further particulars can be obtained.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CANADIAN MENTAL HEALTH ASSOCIATION REQUIRES AN EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR FOR ALBERTA DIVISION.

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APPLICATIONS WITH REFERENCES to:

C.M.H.A., Alberta Division, Room 103, Crown Building 10046—101 Street, Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

UNIVERSITY of Stellenbosch, Union of South Africa. Senior Lecturer in Mathematics. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned post at a salary scale of £1,050×50—£1,400 p.a., plus cost of living allowance of £234 p.a. in the case of married men. Academic qualifications and experience will be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. The successful candidate will be expected to assist with both the undergraduate and post-graduate work in the Department. The medium of instruction at this University is Afrikaans, and the incumbent is expected to become fully conversant in this language within a period of three years. The University is prepared to refund to the successful candidate the cost of his sea passage to South Africa. Applications, together with certified copies of certificates and testimonials, as well as a complete curriculum vitae, must reach the undersigned not later than August 31, 1957. State the earliest date on which duties can be assumed. S. J. Pretorius, Registrar, The University, Stellenbosch, South Africa.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town, South Africa. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in the Department of Nederlands En Afrikaans. The successful applicant's duties will be mainly in language. The salary scale is £850×£50—£1,200 per annum. There is also a temporary cost of living allowance for a married man (at present £234 per annum). Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress, and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1 (from whom memoranda giving the general conditions of appointment and information concerning the department should be obtained) not later than August 26, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by air mail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, S. Africa, by same date. The Univ. reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Cape Town. Applications are invited for the post of Junior Lecturer in the Department of German. The post is vacant from February 1, 1958. The appointment is for a period not exceeding three years and the salary scale is £550×£50—£650 p.a. The successful applicant will receive some financial assistance towards the sea travel costs to South Africa. Applicants should be in possession of an Honours Degree in German or the German Staatseksamen or Doctorate. Applications (with copies of testimonials) should state age, qualifications, experience and research work completed or in progress and give the names of two referees whom the University may consult. Two copies of the application and testimonials should reach the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, not later than August 31, 1957. An additional copy should be sent direct by airmail to the Registrar, University of Cape Town, Private Bag, Rondebosch, Cape Town, South Africa, by the same date. The University reserves the right to appoint a person other than one of the applicants or to make no appointment.

UNIVERSITY of Natal, South Africa. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for appointment to the vacant Chair of Mathematics at the Pietermaritzburg or Durban centres of the University. The salary scale attached to the post is £1,400×£50—£1,600 per annum. This scale is at present under review. In addition, a temporary cost of living allowance of £234 per annum is paid to married men only. Application forms and further particulars of the post are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close in South Africa and London on September 14, 1957.

WORLD University Service. British Committee invites applications for post of General Secretary. Graduate 25-40 preferred. Position requires initiative, organising ability, experience of committee work, office routine, public speaking. Some travel. Salary £600/£900. Commencing salary according to experience. For job description apply General Secretary, W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, London, W.1, to whom applications should be sent with minimum delay.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

AUCKLAND University College (University of New Zealand). Applications are invited for the post of Suburban Tutor in the Adult Education Centre of Auckland University College. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 per annum by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travel and removal expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for receipt of applications in New Zealand and London, is Sept. 16, 1957.

AUSTRALIA. University of Sydney. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Government and Public Administration. Salary will be in the range £A1,200×£80—£1,750 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (£65 men, £49 women), and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Finance available for home purchase to married male members of staff. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is August 16, 1957.

AUSTRALIA—University of Queensland. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer in Classics. Applicants should have an Honours Degree, and should be prepared to lecture on Latin and/or Greek for Pass Degree and Honours and (if called upon) to share in the (first-year Pass) Ancient History course. Experience of teaching Classics, whether in a school or at a university, would be a recommendation. Salary £A1,300/£A1,750 p.a. Further particulars and application forms are obtainable from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on August 31, 1957.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Social Administration. Candidates should have experience in research and social work. Duties to commence on January 1, 1958. Salary on a scale £900 to £1,650 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. The person appointed will be required to undertake research and to assist in the supervision of practical work as well as in the ordinary teaching duties of the Department. Applications should be sent not later than August 31, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

READING Education Committee. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for appointment as full-time Psychiatric Social Worker to work as a member of the Authority's Child Guidance team. Salary and conditions in accordance with Whitley Council scales. Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from Chief Education Officer, Blagrave Street, Reading, to whom they should be returned within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

MIDDLESEX County Council—Education Committee. Psychiatric Social Worker (full-time) required initially for Child Guidance work at Twickenham Child Guidance Centre. Should hold Mental Health Certificate of L.S.E. or approved equiv. Prescribed conditions. P.T.A. salary. Write, stating names of two referees, to Area Medical Officer, Elmfield House, High Street, Teddington, by August 10. (Quote V.666, NSN.) Canvassing disqualifies.

THE Y.M.C.A. has vacancies for full-time Secretaries, Physical Directors and Wardens of Centres for H.M. Forces. First essentials—sense of Christian vocation, good general education, organising ability in religious, social, educational and physical activities with youth. Appointment suitable for men 21 to 30 years. Selected candidates will receive suitable training before appointment. For further information write to Personnel Secretary, National Council of Y.M.C.A.s, 112 Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

ASSISTANT Housemothers, resident, required for interesting work in children's homes, with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £29 0s. 10d. per month, less valuation of emoluments. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

THE National Guild of Co-operators invite applications from men and women for a full-time Secretary/Organiser. Salary £525 per annum. Applicants to state their age, qualifications and knowledge of the Co-operative Movement. Applications to 17 Chatford Drive, Meole Brace, Shrewsbury, on or before Monday, August 12, 1957.

TRAINEE fashion advertising copywriter, preferably woman, required by nationally known retail organization. Knowledge of Canadian or American advertising an asset. Applicants must be resident in London. Write Box 4181, stating age and background, and giving two alternative dates between August 6 and 23 convenient for interview in London.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC. requires Senior Producer, Natural History Unit in Bristol. The Unit will provide main output of wild life and naturalist programmes in Sound and Television. Successful candidate will be responsible, under general direction of Head of West Regional Programmes, for development of this branch of output, and be the Corporation's first point of reference for outside contributors as well as for internal planning of requirements. He will organise and direct the work of the Unit's staff (3 producers, a Production Assistant, a Film Editor and Assistant), and himself undertake production of programmes. Practical experience in Sound and Television (live and film) is eminently desirable, but if necessary the Corporation is prepared to consider providing suitable training for a candidate experienced in one medium only. Specialist qualifications in natural history, academic or otherwise, would be useful but less important than a real feeling for the subject and ability to establish and retain the goodwill of the wide range of people of many callings who contribute to the programmes. Salary £1,660, rising by five annual increments to £2,090 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.299 N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

BBC. requires Talks Producer to act as agricultural specialist for all Overseas Services, to formulate ideas for and produce talks, interviews, discussions and talks features on agricultural subjects, and to select and rehearse speakers. Essential qualifications: good theoretical agricultural training and knowledge of agricultural affairs, interest in writing for speech and in radio technique. Knowledge of agriculture in countries overseas, especially the Commonwealth, desirable. Holder of this post will be responsible to Head of Overseas Talks and Features, but will work in close co-operation with B.B.C. Domestic Services' Agricultural Unit. Salary £1,060 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by five annual increments to £1,365 p.a. max. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.297 N.Stm.), should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days.

RHODES University, Grahamstown, South Africa. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of French. The salary scale is £1,400×£50—£1,600 per annum, plus, in the case of married persons only, a variable cost-of-living allowance, at present £234 per annum. Previous experience and academic qualifications may be taken into account in fixing the commencing salary. Full particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Applications close, in South Africa and London, on September 1, 1957.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. King's College and Royal Victoria Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. Applications are invited for two vacancies for trainee Psychiatric Social Workers in the Department of Psychological Medicine, which consists of a central teaching hospital clinic and a number of associated centres. Candidates should be at least 22 years of age and should hold a Degree with a Post-graduate Diploma in Social Science or a Social Science Certificate. Appointments will be for a period of one year from October 1, 1957. Salary £450 per annum. Applications, which should include the names of two referees, should be submitted as soon as possible to the Professor of Psychological Medicine, King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne 1. —G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

METEOROLOGICAL Office. Scientific Officers. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent posts. The duties include research in atmospheric physics, covering the study of cloud structure, synoptic and dynamical meteorology, large and small scale diffusion and turbulence, climatology, and development of instruments. There is a limited number of posts for forecasting work at the more important centres. Successful candidates will be given a course in meteorology before being assigned to a research or forecasting establishment for further training and experience. In some instances candidates with national service obligations can be commissioned in the R.A.F. for forecasting duties at R.A.F. stations. Further information may be obtained from the Director, Meteorological Office (M.O. 10), Air Ministry, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Candidates must be between 21 and 28 during 1957. They must have a First or Second Class Honours degree preferably in physics or mathematics, or an equivalent qualification. Salaries (London rates) £605-£1,055. Women's pay above £605 slightly lower, but being raised to reach equality with men's in 1961. Somewhat lower rates in provinces. Opportunities for promotion to Senior Scientific Officer (£1,135-£1,345), and higher posts. Particulars from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S52/57 (Met.). Interview Boards will sit at intervals, as required. Early application is advised.

FULL-time Teacher in Maths., Biology and Geography required in September in a Vocational College. Write stating qualifications, etc., to 1262 London Road, S.W.16. Tel. POLlards 1354.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON Probation Service. There are vacancies for men with social science qualifications or good experience of social work. Starting salary £700 at age 29 and over. Appointments will be subject to satisfactory completion of a course of training extending over six to twelve months. (Maintenance allowance is payable during training.) Application forms from Probation Division (Room 704), Home Office, Princeton House, 271-277, High Holborn, W.C.1. Closing date August 9.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE Education Committee. Aylesbury Secondary Technical School (Headmaster: E. B. Eaton). Required as soon as possible, male graduate to teach Science and Mathematics to Ordinary level of the General Certificate of Education. The post will be graded on Scale I and will carry an allowance at the rate of £75 per annum. Salary will be paid in accordance with the appropriate Burnham Report. Further details and forms of application may be obtained from the Headmaster, Walton Road, Aylesbury, to whom completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible. Previous applicants need not apply.

THE Caldecott Community. Wanted in September, qualified young music teacher. She would be responsible for class singing and recorders in the Community's Primary School, and for the development of musical appreciation and choral work amongst the adolescent boys and girls as for "out of school" activities in the evenings. For a progressive teacher interested in the musical training of the intelligent disturbed child, this post offers great opportunities. Usual school holidays. Salary, Burnham Scale. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott Community, Mersham le Hatch, Ashford, Kent.

TUTORS in English for Italian boys required. Cromwell Road, London, S.W.7. Mornings only, 15 hours a week at £4 4s. a week. BRIxton 3143. Box 4214.

SOLICITOR required. Full-time executive position with control of legal department, the day-to-day business of which includes the negotiation and agreement of contracts for plays, films, artistes, etc., and other legal work relative to the Company's operation in independent television. Commencing salary dependent on experience and ability. Staff superannuation scheme. Write full details of experience, age and salary required to The Chairman, Granada T.V. Network Ltd., 36 Golden Square, London, W.1.

ASSISTANT to General Secretary of national charity engaged in relief work required, age not over 35. Applications welcomed from persons with experience of administration, filing and index systems, staff control, preparation of reports and public appeals. Opportunity to exercise initiative and gain varied experience. Holiday arrangements respected; Pension and Child Allowances Schemes in operation; help re-housing possible. Full particulars, including age, present and previous positions with salaries, academic or professional qualifications, etc., to be addressed to the General Secretary, Oxford Committee for Famine Relief, P.O. Box No. 11, 17 Broad Street, Oxford, marking envelope "Personal."

PERSONAL Secretary, 25-40 years, required by General Secretary of Professional Trade Union. Appointment to commence August 26. Proficient shorthand, typing, filing, arranging engagements. Salary £577 to £687. Five-day week, 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. Pension Scheme. Offices near Victoria. Holiday arrangements will be honoured, with salary. Apply General Secretary, E.P.E.A., 102 St. George's Square, London, S.W.1.

DRAUGHTSMAN wanted, with experience of Sheet Metal Machines or Machine Tool Work. Non-contributory Pension and Assurance Scheme. Write, stating age, experience and salary required, F. J. Edwards, Limited, 359 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

INSTITUTE of Personnel Management, 80 Fetter Lane, E.C.4. Vacancy for Records clerk-typist. The job involves responsibility for maintenance of accuracy in all phases of visible system and includes a certain amount of correspondence. Good typing essential. Pleasant friendly office. Five-day week. Luncheon vouchers. Salary range £7 10s. to £9 according to age and experience. Active middle-aged woman considered. Phone for appointment HOLborn 3456, X. 107.

UNIVERSITY Settlement, Manchester, 4. Resident Leader required for Youth Club. Interesting post with considerable scope for man with initiative and ability. Salary by negotiation. Further particulars from the Warden, 20 Every Street.

EXPERIENCED contingency shorthand-typist required. Permanency. Salary £9 8s. at 26 or over rising to £13. Opportunity proficiency allowances. 3½ weeks leave. Hours 9.30-5.45 Mon.-Fri., one Sat. in 5. Mothers may take Sats. and remainder school hols. unpaid. Apply in writing with details of age, education, posts held with dates to The Establishment Officer, The Council of Industrial Design, 28 Haymarket, S.W.1.

SHORTHAND-Typist wanted for Export Dept. Spanish essential. Details and salary wanted to F. J. Edwards, Ltd., 359 Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

A TEMPORARY job that is right up your street may be yours for the asking. Wigmore Secretarial Agency, 67 Wigmore St., W.1. HUNter 9951.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EXPERIENCED Housemother required by Kent County Council to take charge of Children's Home in Ashford (13 children, 5-15 years). Salary £404 5s. × £15 7s. 6d.—£465 15s. a year with deduction £115 16s. 6d. a year emoluments. Married applicant with husband following own occupation and receiving free emoluments in return for services may be considered. Application forms and further particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone, Kent.

YOUTH Club Leader full-time, qualified and experienced, required Autumn for a mixed club with junior section West London. Reply to Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready St., London, N.W.8.

SECRETARY required for Technical Director of a Chemical Manufacturing Company. Only a thoroughly competent person with sound secretarial experience will be considered suitable for this position. Starting salary about £600. The Company, which is in East London, operates a contributory pension scheme and works a 5-day week. Applications to Box 4145.

FASHION advertising copywriter required by nationally known retail organization, preferably woman with Canadian or American experience. Applicants must be resident in London. Write Box 4182 stating exper., and giving two alternative dates between Aug. 6 and 23 convenient for interview London.

TECHNICAL literature searchers, free-lance and permanent staff required by technical information service. Reading knowledge of two languages. Experience in industrial bibliographical or information work essential. Bureau of Technical Information, 38 Farringdon St., E.C.4. CITY 4746.

PART-Time young graduate, interested in politics, able to type, wanted to be informative and helpful in London office of Asian newspaper. Write Asahi, c/o "The Times," Printing House Sq., E.C.4.

TUTOR required, basic subjects plus art if possible. Girl of 5. Two hours daily, Kensington. KNI. 8378.

SHORTHAND-Typist/Book-keeper required. Part-time applications considered. Apply Secretary, Friends Peace Committee, Friends House, Euston Rd., N.W.1.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-Typist required for Deputy Secretary-General. Good speeds and experience essential. Salary £10 per five-day week. Write particulars of age, experience and qualifications to Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Gt. Portland St., W.1.

EFFICIENT secretary/shorthand-typist. Small busy office, Wigmore Street. Hours 10-6. No Sats. £9 p.w. Phone HUN. 0309.

WEDDED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists, partially housebound, yearning to earn, can collect 32s. per day 10-5, £8 10s. for 30-hour week; more hours, more pay, from Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUS. 7379.

SHORTHAND-typist required for charitable organisation; Knightsbridge. Hours 9.30-5. 5-day week. Salary scale £400—£525 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Apply Box 4142.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist required for interesting political work. Trade Union Salary Scale applies. Good hours. Holiday arrangements respected. Apply in writing to the Secretary, The London Labour Party, 258/262, Westminster Bridge Road, S.E.1.

ASST. secretary, intell., gd. knowl. French, P.A.Y.E. an asset, for intg. work, part-/full-time, urgently required. Box 4240.

WELL-known graphic artist, Regent's Park area, wants part-time secretary or secretary-assistant. Box 4286.

EDUCATED women wanted as temporary typists and shorthand-typists with a variety of excellent firms and public organisations. Short hours and highest salaries. Callers only. The St. Stephen's Secretariat, 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1, and 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2. LON. 4609.

SECRETARY shorthand/typist required with excellent German. Good salary and conditions. No Sats. English-born preferred but not essential. Box 4028.

HAVE you tried the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield St., Shaftesbury Ave., W.1. GER. 2848 (3 lines).

MANAGER(ESS) reqd. for licensed refreshment bar, 6 nights per week. Personality and initiative essential. Small salary & commission. Unity Theatre, 1 Goldington Street, N.W.1.

AUGUST to mid-October: cook needed for sailing holidays scheme, small numbers, congenial atmosphere, extensive experience not essential. Apply Sailaflout, 1 West Quay Road, Poole, Dorset.

CHILDREN'S nurse, qualified to care for small group of children (not single-handed) reqd. in architects' household facing Regent's Park. Good salary plus furn. bed-sit. with ckg. facils. All evenings & week-ends free. Box 4199.

A NURSE urgently needed at The Jewish Home for the Blind. The work is worthwhile and conditions excellent: Please apply with refs. to Matron, "Rokefield," Westcott, Dorking, Surrey. Westcott 13.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MATRON for boy & girl boarders wanted September, experienced, capable and kind. Interesting educational work. Good salary. Box 3984.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

WRITER, male, English-German, Typing, Translations, experienced in library and clerical work, requires full or part-time employment London. Urgent. Box 4167.

ACCOUNTANT, 33, qual., last 6 yrs. taxation work, sks. change. Professn. or commerce. London area. Box 4067.

WOMAN graduate (40's), Geography specialist, wants part-time work. Free after Xmas. Prefers S.E. counties. Expd. research, editing, typing. Box 4146.

EXPERIENCED private secretary requires post with educational establishment, preferably in the country. Box 3935.

CIVILISED man wants job with Socialist atmos. in family/group/firm. No training. Only good brain and perception. Box 4253.

MALE, 27, Univ. level educ., technical aptitude, bus. exp., widely trav. Europe/U.S.A., interested arts, trav., people, aviation, sks. progressive post. Box 4122.

YOUNG woman would like to hear of research work with an historian or similar. Five years' experience in publishing, bookselling and librarianship. Box 4268.

WHAT'S in advertising (or kindred sphere) for lively young woman? 4 years' publicity exp. Try anything. Box 4271.

ENGLISH graduate (male, 24) passionately interested theatre, arts and people, but hardly expecting to be employed congenially, wants job in London or Manchester. Imaginative if not fluent French, Italian, Russian. Box 4222.

FELLOWSHIPS

THE University of Sheffield. Applications are invited from graduates of any University for a Douglas Knoop Research Fellowship tenable from October 1, 1957. The Fellow will be required to undertake research in Economics in the University of Sheffield. The value of the Fellowship will be £675 a year, and it will normally be tenable for three years. Applications (3 copies) indicating the line of research proposed by the applicant and including the names and addresses of three referees, should reach the Registrar (from whom further partics. may be obtained) by Aug. 24, 1957.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

WESTMINSTER: bed-sit. room in pleasant private house, cooking facilities, cleaning, linen, suit gentleman. 55s. p.w. Apply 23 Maunsel Street, S.W.1.

2 mins. Swiss Cottage: double room with kitchen; large single room, cooking facs., h. & c., newly dec. & furn. PRImrose 5761.

ONE quiet tenant—no radio—for furn. s/c. flat W.2. £3 15s. wk. Box 4233.

CHELSEA. 50s. Charm. dble. rm., all con. Till Oct. Vereker, 9 Oakley St. S.W.3.

FURNISHED flat to let, Highgate. 4gns. per week. Phone MOU. 3676.

ATTRAC. flatlets, newly dec. H. & c. Ckg. fac. Wimbledon Pk. 45s. WIM. 9516.

FLAT to let, slp. 2-3, Sept. 6-29. 2 min. Finchley Rd. Stn., 17gns. Box 4211.

OUR tenants say ours are the nicest rooms they ever saw. One double is vacant for someone who will travel 25 mins. for real comfort. 65s. HIL. 3751.

SPACIOUS 3-bedroom furnished flat, sleep 4 or 5, 1 or 2 children considered, 5½ gns. weekly. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

ST. Marylebone. Single & double accommodation with partial board available during summer months. Phone MAI. 4154.

HAMPSTEAD. Yng. grad. (m), offers share pleas. handy s/c. flat. 65s. p.w. SWI. 4234.

OFF Finchley Rd., nr. Hampstead Heath, cheerful single/double rooms. Professional people prefd. Perm. temp. HAM. 4585.

JEWISH lady has room in modern flat, suit business or professional lady. 29 Beaufort Park, N.W.11. SPE. 4840.

CONGENIAL atmosphere. Music/lit. ints. Sgle. room 47s. 6d. HAM. 8109 evgs.

FLAT N.W.6. Univ. school year from Sept. Sleep 2. Comf., pleasant, quiet. Tel. frig., bookshelves, good heating. Dom. help to continue. Rent arrangd. Box 4257.

YOUNG woman offered share attractive mews, Kensington. Moderate. Box 4258.

BED-sitting room with separate kitchenette to let in family house, Brook Green. £2 10s. p.w. Suit young professional woman. Ring RIVerside 1478.

LGE. bed-sit. for cpl. or sgl. Mod. block, cent. heating, nr. bus, tube. Share kit. with 1 lady. Phone evngs. PRI. 4661.

PLEAS. divan-room Kingsbury area. Meals optional. Reas. terms. Box 4177.

AUG. 10-24, Mod. family flat, Central London. £5 p.w. Box 4183.

PROF./bus. women: div.-rms., kit., Hornsey, easy acc. City/W.End. MOU. 5438.

NEAR Reading. Furnished cottage, 5 rooms, k. & b., elec., water, Elsan, garden. On bus route. 5 gns. p.w. Box 4164.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

EDINBURGH Festival. Furn. div. rms., cent., all facs. 6 Lennox St., Edinburgh.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

LARGE quiet divan-rm., N.W., S.W., W. or W.C., gas-ring, use bath, tel. Box 4026.

YNG. French cple., both grads., sk. furn. accom. with ckg. facs./part. board. Sept., Oct., Nov. Cent. Lon. pref. Box 4163.

YNG. prof. couple, child expected, req. furn. flat mod. rent, healthy Lon. area, pref. suburb. Baby-sit occas. Box 4274.

TWO young architects (house-trained) seek accommodation with certain meals in Central London area. Box 4065.

YOUNG lady would like to share another's flat in any London area, although Hampstead preferred. Box 4063.

BUSINESS Executive," wife, daughter at college, seeks spacious furn. flat. Rental no object within reason. L.A.B., GER. 9050.

JAPANESE journalist requires furn. flat/house, Putney area, for self, wife & two children (11 & 13). Up to 7½gns. SYD. 2892.

UNIV. lecturer, wife, child (1 yr.) req. furn. cott., hse., flat, Oxford area, April 1, 1958 for 6 mths. Box 4124.

TWO adults and cat moving Cambridge September need unfurn. accom. of some sort anywhere in that area. Box 4161.

PROPERTIES TO LET AND WANTED

TO let, a small historic house in Corsham, Wilts. Mod. con.: 3 reception; 5 bed.; bathroom, etc. Rent £150 p.a. Apply Agent, 15 St. Mary Street, Chippenham, Wilts.

COUNTRY cottage, furn., Suffolk. 3½gns. week. PRI. 2090 between 6 & 9 p.m.

EXCH. Sept. s/c furn. flat 3 rms. N.W.1. for similar/smaller Chelsea, S.W.1-7. Reasonable rent. Box 4134.

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

£1,100, or near offer, riverside Freehold or Leasehold Kingston/Surbiton self-contained Flat for sale, unconverted (qualifies for grant towards conversion cost); garage space. Box 4130.

REIGATE. Det. 4 bedr., 3 rec., gar.-w'shop. Town 35 mns. £3,450. Box 4289.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

ENTRUST it to the Experts—you want it well done! Work carefully checked for accuracy and correct presentation. Specialist typists for MSS, theses, plays, scripts, etc. 100,000 words in 7 days (also a priority service for urgent work). Short stories next day. Duplicating, translations, indexing, research, tapes transcribed. Overnight and week-end service. Temporary secretaries for Authors, Literary and typewriting enquiries to Col. Seed for immediate and personal attention. Chippendale & Partners, central office now at 40 Poland St., W.1. GER. 2835/6.

ALL Types of Typewriting and Duplicating done directly. MSS, Plays, Scripts, Short Stories, etc. Speed is the keynote of our efficient, faultless, inexpensive service. Colinad Co., Ltd., 117 City Rd., E.C.1. CLE. 1564 (5 doors from Old St. Tube Stn.).

DUPLICATING, Typing, Translating. Verbatim Shorthand Writers. Mabel Eyles Duplicating & Secretarial Agency, 395 Hornsey Rd., London, N.19. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts. MSS, Plays, testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 45 Great Russell St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 7558.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. MSS., Theses, etc. Mod. terms. MAI. 2659.

FOR rapid & reliable duplicating & typing reports, theses, references, etc. Abbey Secretarial Bureau, 4 Victoria Street, S.W.1. ABB. 3772. Rush jobs.

QUICK & efficient typing. MSS, Plays, Legal. Mod. charges. Box 4264.

LADY with own typewriter reqs. work to do at home, also clerical. Box 4004.

MRS. Jolly will type or duplicate it for you. 26 Charing Cross Road, W.C.2. TEM. 5588 and FRE. 8640.

TYPING. Reports, manuscripts, correspondence, etc. HOUnslow 6647.

EXPERT Dupg./Typg. Theses, MSS, Plays, Miss Stone, 446 Strand. TEM. 5984.

STELLA Fisher Secretariat, Ltd., 436 Strand, W.C.2. TEMple Bar 6644. Typewriting, Duplicating, Translations.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations, 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WES. 5809.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Trixette Electric Gramophone, perfect condition but single-speed, 70s. o.n.o.; "New Statesman" complete 1937, bound, 2 vols., unbound 1936, 1938-46, misc. 1935; "Listener" 1940-48, complete, unbound, misc. 1937, 1949—offers.

WANTED: Keesing's Archives, 1945-56—state condition and price; Chekhov's Collected Short Stories.

Send no money or goods in reply, but write first to N.S. Readers' Market (separate letter for each item). The charge to advertisers is 3s. first, 10d. each additional word and covers the cost of forwarding replies.